Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. II.—Vol. I. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 17, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

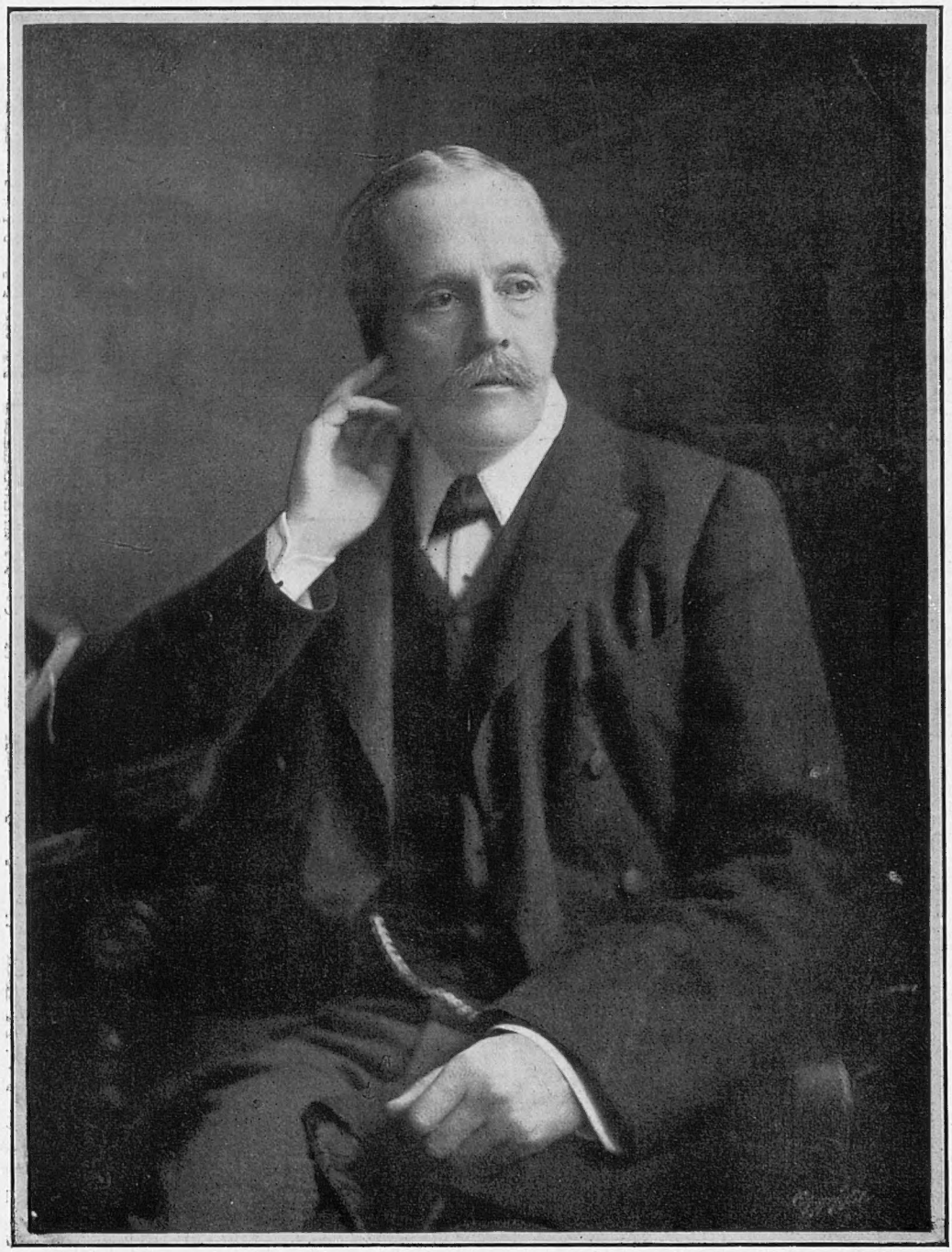


Photo by *Barnett*

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour

Who has the Cordial Wishes of all Parties for a Speedy Recovery from the Indisposition which Prevented Him from Attending Parliament

No. II.—Vol. I.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, February 17, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	801
The Bystander's Notes	803
The Bystander in Parliament	804
The Topictator	805
People of Interest	806
"At the Sign of the Times"	812
The Carnival at Nice	814
From Abroad	816
Concerning Mark Twain	824
The Library	826
Gossip about Books and their Makers	828
A Retrospect of the Partridge Season 1903-1904	830
Our Short Story—"The Tragedy of a Comic Song," by Leonard Merrick	831
The Thames in Torrent at Windsor and Eton	836
Miss Agnes Rea	833
Miss Maudie Darrell	839
An Outpost of the Empire	840
"How I Read Italian," by Mark Twain	845
On All Fours!	848
A Taking Testimonial	849
Bridge, by "Problematicus"	850
Our Bridge Competition	851
By Field, Stream, and Covert	852
Sale of Childwick Shire Horses	857
Golf Notes and Notions	858
Automobile Topics	860
Boat Race Coaching at Oxford and Cambridge	862
The War in the Far East	869
With the Long Bow, by G. K. Chesterton	853
Inter-Hospital Hockey Cup at Richmond	864
Ladies' County Hockey	865
First Round of the English Cup	866
The Cross-Country Championship at Wembley	867
From a Club Window	868
The Connoisseur	870
The Play in London, by "Sneer"	872
Matters Musical	873
Flounces and Fashion	874
The Menu	876
The Editor's Box	878

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

Amusements

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40). THE ORCHID. MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0. Doors open 1.40.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. Wm. GREET. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.0. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.0. "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

APOLLO THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, HENRY LOWENFELD. Lessee and Manager, Tom B. Davis. GEORGE EDWARDES AND CHAS. FROHMAN'S Co. A New Musical Play, entitled, MADAME SHERRY MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.0.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Managing Director: MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8.0 p.m. An Entertainment of unexampled brilliance.

SAVOY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. J. H. LEIGH. Manager, MR. E. LAURILLARD. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8, a New Musical Comedy, entitled, THE LOVE BIRDS. By George Grossmith, Jun., and Raymond Roze. FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. SAVOY THEATRE.

A Free Gift

TO CLUBS, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, LIBRARIES, Etc.

A Handsome Reading Case to hold loose Numbers of THE BYSTANDER, sent post free on application by letter to the PUBLISHER, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

(Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 19 0
Six Months (26 Numbers)	0 14 1	0 19 6
Three Months (13 Numbers)	0 7 1	0 9 9

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

Wednesday, February 17, 1904

IN these notes last week we stated our intention of analysing the position of the Opposition. Since those words were penned a most serious situation has arisen. A great war has broken out, a war the dangers of which to ourselves we can only as yet dimly grasp, and all the resources of modern invention have been called into practice for the wanton destruction of man's patient handiwork. The outlook is not only gloomy but even threatening, in whatever direction we choose to turn. The Balkans are fast becoming ablaze; threatening murmurs reach us from the interior of Russia; European nations are already becoming suspicious of one another; and diplomacy will require the utmost ingenuity to prevent the jealousy and greed, which thirst for territory has bred, from turning the world into a pandemonium of anarchy and strife.

WE, of all nations, are most affected by the events in the outside world. There is no remote corner of the globe where the Briton has not great commercial or territorial rights. Obviously, therefore, we require men we can trust at the helm of the ship of state. Such men are not necessarily the best debaters, or the greatest orators. A brilliant debater, whose tongue can burke all criticism by biting repartee, may yet be a very unreliable custodian of the nation's destinies. These remarks may be platitudes, but in these days of superficial thought they will bear mentioning. Having made, we trust, these points clear, we ask whether the nation has any confidence in the gentlemen who, at this crisis in our national life, hold its destinies in their hands?

IT must be admitted that their record is not a very golden one. The nation is sunk in debt as the result of their internal and external policy. South Africa, which they were to free and give the boon of self-government, is on the verge of civil strife, unless, at the eleventh hour, the Ministers throw over the polyglot crew of cosmopolitan financiers who juggle with Imperialism—to use Lord Hugh Cecil's words—as though it were a gigantic profit-sharing concern. Internally, the country does not relish either the additional financial burdens this Government has placed upon its shoulders, nor has it a particularly warm admiration for various new Acts which the last few sessions have seen swell the Statute Book. Our commerce, which would naturally become depressed by these conditions, has suffered additionally by this new fiscal creed. The cry of Protection was raised, assisted by all the resources and organisation of the Ministerial Party. The country, however, has significantly expressed its opinion of the new policy in a series of bye-elections, and, fearful of losing office, the Government now disavows those principles which a few weeks ago it vehemently maintained from the house-tops. THE BYSTANDER would ask you, reader, Are such as these the guides to lead us through the snares and pitfalls which threaten to entrap us in this time of crisis?

AGREED that our present rulers have no longer the confidence of the nation, a pertinent question arises: Who are competent to take their places? The names of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench are derided, though derision does not of itself prove anything special. A Conservative Cabinet Minister may be described by a red-hot Radical as incompetent, but until he proves this to be so it is only a bare assertion of opinion. In the same way, for those who sneer and gibe at the want of talent among the Opposition, may it not be said that in most cases it is mostly the opinion of men who, like a lawyer with a bad case, seek to abuse the other side? As a debater, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may not be the equal of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain, yet as a Cabinet Minister his astuteness and keen perception may be invaluable. The names of Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, Mr. H. H. Asquith, Lord Spencer, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. James Bryce, Sir R. T. Reid, Mr. W. S. Robson, and Mr D. Lloyd-George (who, by-the-bye, is second to none as a debater), suggest men whose talents are certainly superior to the attainments of the Treasury Bench of to-day.

BUT that is not enough. What we believe the Liberal Party require in order to obtain a mandate from the nation is a policy. To attack the Government is all very well, but we feel that the nation does not only want to know what the Liberal party dislike, but what they will advocate. A lengthy list of impossible reforms is not expected, but a strong and definite policy on Colonial matters, on Foreign affairs, and a decided and clear statement that retrenchment will be to the fore will assist to give confidence to the electors. Home Rule—it may be a bitter pill to Liberals—but Home Rule had better be excluded from any Liberal *pronunciamento*, for the nonce at all events. With a clear lead and a definite policy laid down, we feel confident that the country will turn with relief from the halting, weak tactics which have distinguished the Government for some time past. And such a policy would stand a great chance of attracting to its banner the great lights of Liberal Unionism, headed by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Ritchie.

The Bystander in Parliament

Even if a man were to act upon the advice of Dr. Johnson and were to survey mankind from China to Peru I doubt if he could find a more interesting spot than the House of Commons in which to pursue his studies. Members of Parliament are so entirely human as to be quite interesting. Even the bore has a horrible attractiveness, just as some men are said to be fascinatingly ugly. And the poor private member whom Ministers tread upon provides much raw material for the humane commentator—especially at the beginning of a Session.

It has been my lot for some years now to watch the opening proceedings of Session after Session, and year after year I have seen the same eternal hope springing in the Parliamentary breast. The members come bustling back to Westminster, wearing new hats and hugging new Bills, and alas! both hats and Bills are destined to be blocked—perchance to be sat on—before the Session ends. In these days a private member who can carry even so small a thing as an amendment to an amendment may well feel proud. Most of them have to feel—or to appear—satisfied with emulating the harmless Peter Jones, who, according to the song—

> Had sat in the House for thirty years,
> And joined in the groans, and led the cheers.

—and had done nothing else.

Outsiders are of opinion that the chief difference observable in the House is that which exists between the two main parties—that is to say, roughly, between Liberals and Tories. Those who have studied the place know better—they know that a vast gulf separates the Front Bench men from those who are unkindly said to take a back seat in more than one sense. When Monckton Milnes was made Lord Houghton someone asked him what it felt like to be a peer, and the newly created baron replied that never until that day had he known what an enormous difference there was between the humblest member of the peerage and the most distinguished commoner in the land. What Lord Houghton said in chaff may be taken as the serious view entertained by the private member newly promoted to the Treasury Bench.

I remember Mr. Hugh O. Arnold-Forster when he sat below the gangway and lectured his leaders at great length. In those days he wore a short jacket, put his hands in his trouser pockets, and was rather free and easy in style in the Lobby. He became a Minister, and all that was changed. Of course he immediately began to defend and eulogise that which he had before attacked and condemned; that was natural, and to be expected. In such circumstances men always burn that which they had worshipped and worship that which they had burnt; but the change, the transformation, went much further.

The short jacket of an irresponsible life, suggestive of the raids or obstructive tactics of guerilla warfare, made way for the solemn, regulation frock coat, without which no Front-bencher is genuine. Whereas the hon. member used to stroll casually through the Lobby, the right hon. gentleman now stalks through "gazing right on with calm, eternal eyes," as if "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." I have sometimes wondered what would happen to any mortal who confronted a Front Bench man and said, "Hallo, my boy, what are you up to and what's your little game?" I suppose the rash intruder would be turned into a pillar of salt before the Sergeant-at-Arms could be summoned to run him through with the official sword.

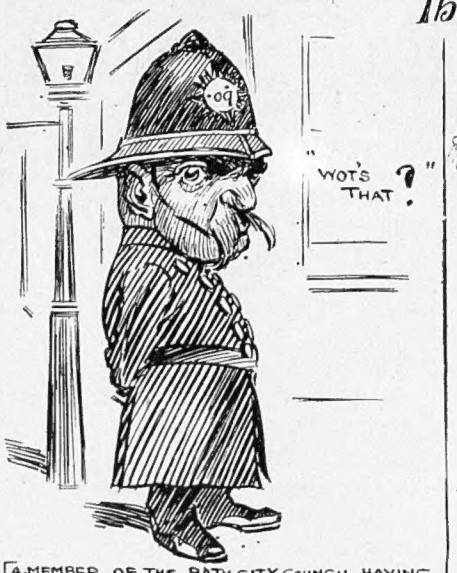
There is, of course, a great amount of artificiality in the House. Many of the cheers, and the cries of "Oh, oh," the laughter, or roars of "Withdraw," are party demonstrations. But the House is quite sincere sometimes—as, for instance, when a recognised first-class bore arises, and says that he will not stand between the House and a division for more than a few minutes. The universal groan that goes up from all parts of the House at such a time comes from the heart. I have seen a bore cause three or four hundred gentlemen to go tumbling over each other to the door, as though someone had called "Fire!"

Nor is this the only force that surprises members into sincerity. The same effect can now and then be produced by a speech from a supremely great man. The greatest man whom I ever saw in the House was the late Mr. Gladstone. I well remember the startling effect one of his moving orations had on a sound old Tory. The Lobby was crammed with members, talking about the speech—the air hummed with their excited conversation—and the old Tory approached me, evidently labouring under deep and unusual emotion.

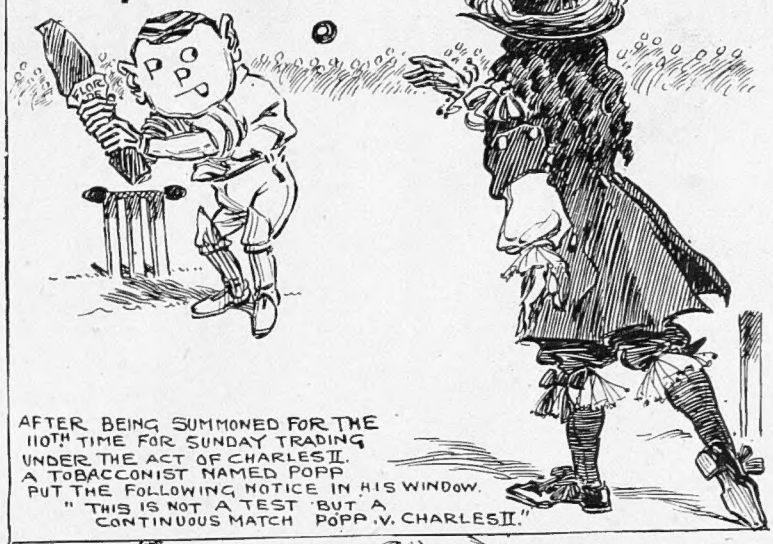
He led me away to a quiet corner, and I could see that he wished to confide in someone, to get rid of some secret confession. At last, having made sure that we could not be overheard, he remarked in a hesitating manner, which showed that what he said was being wrung from him by the irresistible force of conviction, "Do you know—I believe that Mr. Gladstone—is—er—well, rather a well-informed man?" I started and said "Ah"—it was all I could say in reply to a confession so astounding.

My Tory friend turned to go, and then he came back, and added earnestly, "That is, on some subjects, of course." I repeated, "Of course," for I did not wish to press the honest gentleman into further admissions. He had gone beyond all that could be expected of a sound party man. If his Whips had heard of it, he might have been regarded with suspicion. At the same time, for the honour of the House of Commons, I am pleased to know that my old friend never withdrew those memorable statements, and he remains, to the present day, of opinion that the late Mr. Gladstone was, on some subjects, mark you, rather a well-informed man. After that, let no one say that men cannot rise above the level of mere party politics at Westminster. S. L. H.

The Topictator



[A MEMBER OF THE BATH CITY COUNCIL HAVING SUGGESTED THAT POLICEMEN AS WELL AS SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SHOULD BE MADE A SUBJECT FOR PRAYER A DOZEN VOICES AT ONCE SHOUTED "PAST IT!"]



AFTER BEING SUMMONED FOR THE 110TH TIME FOR SUNDAY TRADING UNDER THE ACT OF CHARLES II. A TOBACCONIST NAMED POPP PUT THE FOLLOWING NOTICE IN HIS WINDOW. "THIS IS NOT A TEST BUT A CONTINUOUS MATCH POPP V. CHARLES II."

"C'EST L'EMPEREUR!"

M. JACQUES LEBAUDY OUGHT TO BE SATISFIED. HE IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE CARNIVAL AT NICE

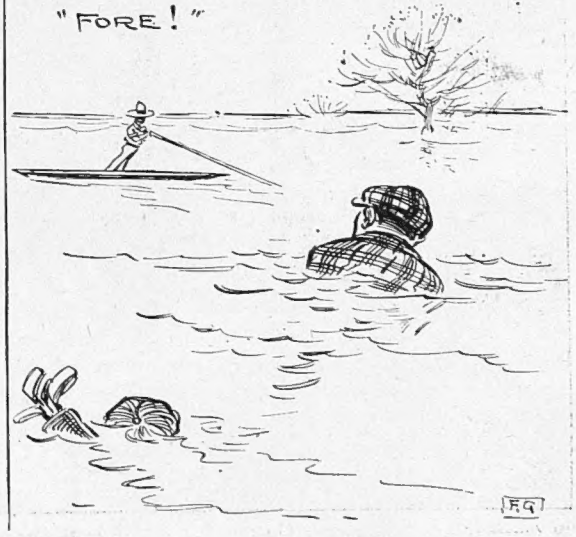
[MR CHAMBERLAIN IS TAKING A HOLIDAY AT LAST]

"SURELY—I CAN'T BE MISTAKEN—YOU ARE—"

"ALLAH ILLAH ALLAH! BAKSHEESH! BISMILLAH! JE NE COMPRENDS PAS — SPAGHETTI ITALIANO — OH! GO AWAY, YOU FOOL, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M AN ARAB SHEIKH?"

THE GOLF LINKS AT DATCHET HAVE LATELY BEEN FORMED INTO A LAKE BY THE OVERFLOWING THAMES.

"FORE!"



F.G.

PEOPLE of INTEREST

This Week's Great Wedding

If the Duke of Norfolk's oft-postponed marriage be excepted, the most interesting marriage of the week is undoubtedly that of Miss Elsie Hope and Lord Kerry. The bridegroom has been for some years one of the great *partis* in Society, for not only is he the heir of the Marquess of Lansdowne, but he is a very popular and distinguished young man, closely connected with many notable people. Young Lady Kerry, who is only eighteen, is a niece of that Mr. Hope of Luffness who is married to Lord Rosebery's gentle-looking sister. Yesterday's bride is herself the only daughter of Mr. Edward Hope, the former Chief Charity Commissioner, and her mother is the daughter of that popular couple, Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie. Lady Lansdowne is exceedingly fond of her new daughter-in-law, whom she has known from childhood, and who will doubtless help her to do the honours of Lansdowne House this spring and summer. It is an interesting fact that there is already a Lady Kerry; she this year completes her ninetieth year, and is an aunt by marriage of Lord Lansdowne. Augusta Lady Kerry is a very remarkable old lady, and is, by a second marriage, the mother of the present Bishop of Worcester.

A Spring Bride

One of the prettiest of spring weddings will be that of Miss Lilian Mabel King, the young niece and adopted daughter of Lucy, Countess of Egmont. Her bridegroom-elect, Mr. Hylton Brisco, is the only son of the well-known Cumberland baronet, and he and his fair *fiancée* are already connected, through the second marriage of Lucy, Lady Egmont, who became, five years ago, the wife of Sir Musgrave Brisco's brother. Miss King, who only recently made her *début*, is very accomplished, and especially fond of the country and of country sports and pleasures. The marriage is to take place in April.

Photos by

Miss Lilian Mabel King
Who is to be married to Mr. Hylton Brisco

Alice Hughes

Miss Elsie Hope
Whose marriage to Lord Kerry took place yesterday

Photo by **Miss Colman Smith** *Kate Pragnell*

Who has been amusing Society lately with her quaint Jamaican Folk-lore stories

Mr. Herbert Vivian

The Far Eastern correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Herbert Vivian, has served that journal before, and also the *Daily Express*, as special representative. He is a man of singular interests, among the chief being his boasted "revival of Jacobite principles in England," which has raised him to the giddy elevation of the Presidency of the Legitimist Club. He has also been a Labour candidate—in East Bradford, in 1890—and an editor of strange periodicals, such as the *Whirlwind* and the *Rambler*. He is a great traveller, and has written excellently of Servia, Tunis, Abyssinia, and the modern pirates of the Barbary Coast. He professes to be fond of cock-fighting.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Herbert Vivian

Far Eastern Correspondent of the *Morning Post*

Jamaica in London

It is commonly reported nowadays that there is nothing new under the sun, but it is not surprising if those who have heard Miss Pamela Colman Smith tell her quaint Jamaican folk-lore tales experience the sensation of having heard something absolutely fresh and delightful. There is much, however, in the manner of the telling. Miss Smith, attired in a brilliant orange costume, employs a number of wooden figures, designed and painted in grotesque fashion by herself; she sits Eastern-wise on the floor with a diminutive stage before her, on which these are manipulated. The room is in darkness save for two candles, which, after the manner of the conjurer, serve both to illuminate the figures, and also to increase the illusion. The stories themselves have a faint flavour of the Indian folk-lore with which Mr. Kipling has made us so well acquainted in his Jungle books; told in dialect as all happening "once in the long before time, before Queen Victoria came to reign over we," they relate the strange doings of Annancy, the spider man, the gay Gingy Fly, and the weird cat with two eyes "like lamps in him head," who keeps a pet cocoanut tree for his

delectation. There is also a witch with the appalling name of "Recundadundadrumunday." Miss Smith, who lived for seven or eight years in Jamaica, heard the tales first-hand from the natives, who, it appears, will only tell them to children for fear of being laughed at by grown-ups. It is not only in this direction, however, that she manifests her cleverness, as those who have seen a certain hand-coloured production known as the "Greensheaf" will testify.

A Heroine of Lucknow

In the death of the Hon. Lady Inglis a most interesting personality has passed away. She was the second daughter of Sir Frederic Thesiger, who was created Baron Chelmsford in 1858, on becoming Lord High Chancellor. She married, at the age of eighteen, Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir) John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K.C.B., the defender of Lucknow. Lady Inglis was with her husband at Lucknow when the Mutiny broke out, and the diary she kept during those terrible eighty-seven days of siege is of great interest. On the third day of the siege Sir Henry Lawrence was killed, and Colonel Inglis found himself in command of the garrison. Lady Inglis was but twenty-three years of age at the time, and when one reads her vivid account of the siege one cannot help remembering the lines in Tennyson's poem on the Defence of Lucknow, in which he speaks of "Valour of delicate women tending the hospital bed." Lady Inglis, at the beginning of the siege, caught the small-pox, but that does not seem to have prevented her from keeping her diary regularly. She had her

The late Hon. Lady Inglis
Whose experiences at Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny, were graphically recounted in her diary

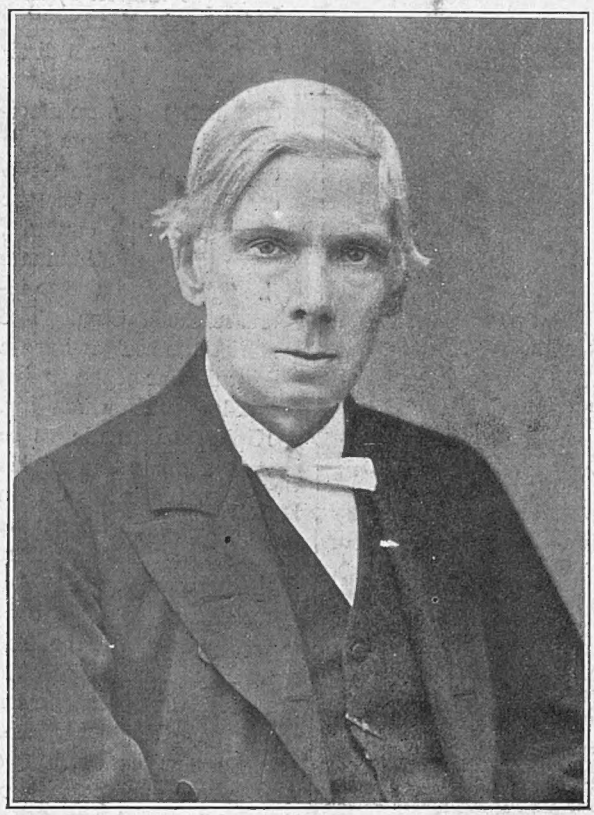


Photo by Elliott and Fry

The late Canon Ainger
Who was Master of the Temple

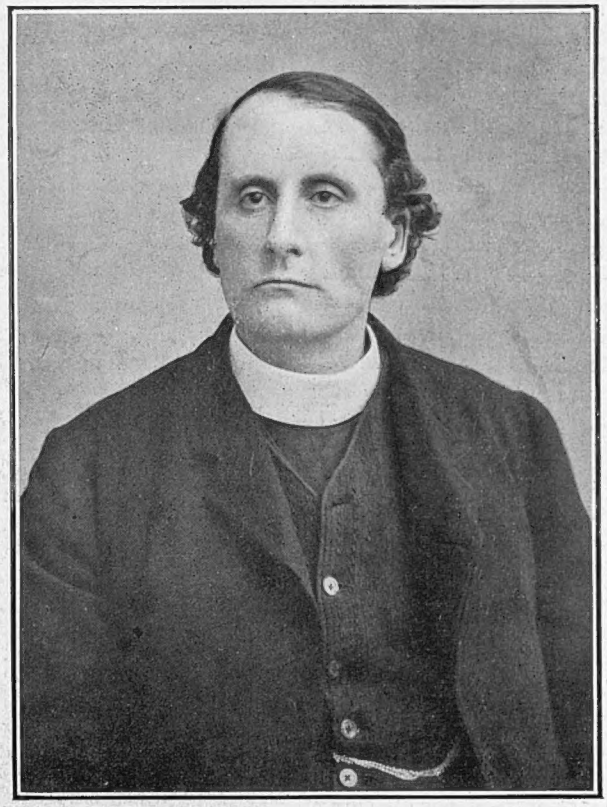


Photo by Russell

The late Rev. W. A. Morris
Known and beloved in South Lambeth as "The Gasworkers' Parson"

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Lottie Coats
Who is engaged to be married to Mr. Lionel Walrond

three eldest children with her, and her anxiety on their behalf added to her sufferings.

Lady Inglis had many wonderful escapes before the garrison was relieved, and, to crown them all, she was shipwrecked on the way home. Sir John Inglis died in 1862, and Lady Inglis was, after that date, in receipt of a pension for her husband's splendid services. At Beckenham, where she lived and where even as lately as last summer she was often to be seen riding a tricycle, Lady Inglis will be greatly missed, not only by her intimate friends, but also by the poor.

Miss Lottie Coats

The two pretty daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Coats, who are so well known on Deeside, became engaged almost simultaneously, the one, whose portrait we give, to Mr. Lionel Walrond, the son of the popular statesman who is Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the other, Miss Maud Coats, to Lord Aberdour, the eldest son and heir of Lord Morton. The two Miss Coats have become very popular in the neighbourhood of Balmoral since their father rented Glen-Tana, the splendid place which belonged to that most eccentric of millionaires, the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. Mr. and Mrs. Coats's London home is in Park Lane, and there the two sisters have often helped their mother to entertain the great political and Scottish world at the concerts for which the hospitable hostess is famed. It is probable that Miss Lottie Coats and Miss Maud Coats will elect to be married on the same day, thus reviving a charming fashion of the mid-Victorian era.

A Famous Irish Shot

Sir Richard John Musgrave, the famous Irish shot, must not be confounded with the other Sir Richard Musgrave, whose fame principally rests on the fact that he is the owner of Edenhall, and of the Luck thereof. This is the more likely to occur as the two baronets are much of the same age, and, of course, belong to much the same social circle. The Irish Sir Richard's prowess with rod and gun has become quite legendary wherever the sons of Erin gather together, and as he and his charming wife — the daughter of a well known Colonial magnate—are both full of Irish hospitality, he often has a chance of pitting his skill against that of other noted shots, at Tourin, his place in Waterford.

A Literary Divine

By the death of Canon Ainger, an interesting, and, in some respects, a unique personality has been removed from our midst. For nearly forty years, through

Photo by *Poole*

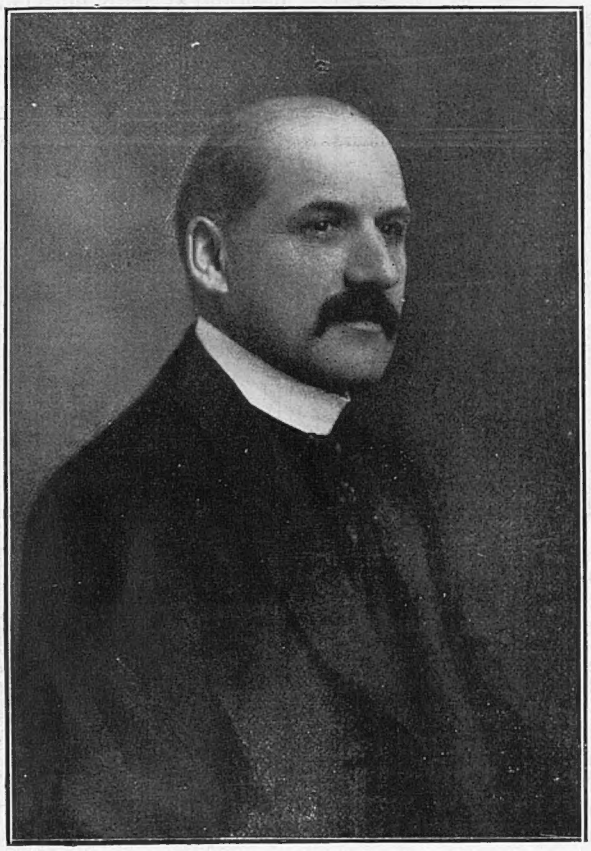
Sir Richard John Musgrave
The famous Irish sportsman and shot

his successive appointments as Reader, and then Master of, the Temple, he was brought into close association with some of the keenest intellects among the members of the legal profession. But, while his scholarly sermons and lectures were appreciated as much (if not more) in the Metropolis as in the Cathedral City of Bristol—with which, as Canon, he had been connected for sixteen years—his almost passionate love of nature tempted him from London whenever his duties allowed him to escape from its restless turmoil.

Alfred Ainger was—if we may say so without disparaging his gifts and powers—a conscientious divine, whose natural inclinations would otherwise have led him exclusively into the paths of literature. In the latter calling—so far as his knowledge of the English eighteenth century classics is concerned—he was without a rival.

Spare in figure, with abundant white hair and clear-cut features, Canon Ainger—who spent most of his time at the Athenæum, and in the legal haunts where he was always a *persona grata*—was a striking contrast to Dean Vaughan, whom he succeeded as Master of the Temple. But he resembled his great predecessor in his refined command of language, in his literary tastes, and in his well-deserved reputation as a brilliant conversationalist.

He was not a prolific writer, but his "Memoir of Charles Lamb," whose works he edited, was marked by a charm of style, and a minute acquaintance with his subject, which earned for him a place among contemporary writers. He was sixty-seven years of age.



The Hon. James A. Smart
Canadian Deputy Minister of the Interior

The Gasworkers' Parson

It is only a few years since "The Costers' Parson" was called to his rest. He, too, lived and laboured in South London. To-day, in many of the poorest districts of South Lambeth, the invigorating enthusiasm and infectious spirituality of William Alexander Morris is sadly missed. He was not a man of exceptional power, and his intellectual attainments were hardly above the average; but he was single-minded. Immediately after taking his degree at Oxford, in 1880, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of the ministry, as curate of St. Peter's, Vauxhall.

After serving for eleven years as an assistant priest, he became, in 1891, the incumbent of St. Anne's, South Lambeth. Before long he grasped the fact that a great deal of work lay before him in the wide field of those employed at the gasworks which adorned his parish. The vast gathering, including some of the poorest inhabitants of the district, which assembled in Lambeth Cemetery last Saturday—when the mortal remains of their beloved Vicar were laid in the grave—bore eloquent testimony to the powerful influence of a simple, earnest life, and to the affection which disinterested efforts for their moral and religious benefit can inspire in all classes of men and women.

The Hon. James A. Smart

Canada is still booming, for though last year broke the record for emigration returns, this year promises to go one better. Altogether, 150,000 emigrants entered the Dominion in 1903, no less than 60,000 of them being British, a fact which speaks volumes for Canadian activity. Of the remainder, 50,000 were Americans who crossed over the border, while the rest were emigrants from Europe, almost every nationality being represented. The man to whom this great influx of settlers into the Far West is mainly due is the Hon. James A. Smart, whose portrait we are enabled to give this week. Born in 1858, Mr. Smart went out West in 1880, and in 1885 became Mayor of the rising town of Brandon, Manitoba, which he afterwards represented in the Legislature. He has held many high appointments, becoming Deputy Minister of the Interior in 1897. Being a Western man, it was only natural that the great problem of peopling the fertile Western plains of his country should appeal to him strongly, and for many years he has taken an active part in a vigorous emigration propaganda. For the past five years he has crossed and recrossed the Atlantic many times, in order personally to superintend on both sides. Much comment has been made on the advisability of allowing such a large number of Americans to take up land in Canada, and it is reassuring to hear from Mr. Smart himself that, instead of fearing it, the Canadian Government actually encourages this border emigration. It is needless for us to add that anybody who intends emigrating should go straight to the headquarters at Charing Cross, where information of every sort is most cheerfully and courteously given.

The Prime Minister.

The main facts about Mr. Balfour, whose recent illness has reacted so powerfully on political affairs, are common property. Less well known is the fact

that at Eton he was the "fag" of his own Foreign Minister. But before this Mr. Balfour had performed laborious tasks; for when the cotton famine in Lancashire came about as a consequence of the American Civil War, the young brothers Balfour undertook much of the house-work at Whittingehame, the money saved in wages being given in relief of the starving cotton workers. Mr. Balfour undertook the boots and knives. This was an incident in the maternal policy of Lady Blanche Balfour, to whose bringing up the two statesmen owe so much. Mr. Balfour has been captain of the Tooting Golf Club. He now plays no other game, save billiards; but he has been a fine lawn-tennis player, and a first-class deer-stalker. He has declared a politician's to be the worst of all occupations, and that of a seeker after knowledge the best.

Miss Phyllis Squire
Champion lady skater (English style)

England's Champion Lady Skater

From earliest childhood a most graceful dancer, Miss Phyllis Squire, the youngest yet leading exponent of the English school of skating, has retained that ease and facility of movement so necessary to the skater who aspires to championship honours. Whilst yet in the spring-time of her teens, at the youthful age of thirteen, she astonished the good folks at Davos, the Mecca of brethren of the steel blades, by going in for the gold badge of the National Skating Association, and winning the same in most approved fashion, showing that superiority in combined figures characteristic then, as now, of her style. Three years later Miss Squire obtained second place in the English figure competition, an event for which, up to that time, only men had entered. This year Miss Squire again took the second place, the winner, as on the former occasion, being Mr. Gwynne Evans. On the International Shield stands the name of Miss Squire, the only lady who has ever ventured to compete, and she was considered by many to be the most perfect in her execution of the requisite figures. Latterly she has been passing her International Tests, and has gained the lady's medal at Mr. Syers's Figure Skating Club, which holds its meetings at Prince's.

M. de Pavloff

At the time that Sir Claude Macdonald was the British Minister in Peking, M. de Pavloff was the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Russia to China, an office which he signalised by a series of diplomatic triumphs. When M. de Pavloff was transferred to Corea, he remained there some time before he made himself felt: but these months of inactivity were consumed in a close study of the local conditions of the kingdom, and in long and constant consultations with his colleagues in Peking and Tokio. M. de Pavloff is not by any means a robust man. Physically delicate, he is, intellectually, a giant. He is tall and spare, the expression of his face being partially concealed in a bushy black beard. A man of middle age, the close concentration which he gives to his duties is attended by considerable nervous exhaustion. A little distant in manner, if occasionally abrupt, he is, nevertheless, sympathetic, winning at once the respect of his *confrères* and his opponents.

M. de Pavloff
Russian Minister to Corea

"At the Sign of the Times"

THE AGE OF SHORT CUTS

That the Age is not Faultless

"This is not an age of learning; it is an age of short-cuts, motor-cars and games." Such is the painful indictment brought against the twentieth century by a writer in the *Lady's Realm*. I venture to quote it partly because—this not being an age of learning—we may not have studied the *Lady's Realm* for ourselves; partly because the indictment itself seems to me not uncharacteristic of the age. In what way? To begin with, I think the indictment is characteristic by reason of its short and sharp, yet cheerful tone. Here is a very serious accusation brought against our time, that we do not care to attain to one of the highest possibilities of human endeavour—a want of ambition surely very culpable—and yet we can read it, or at any rate I have read it, without being made to experience any particular feeling of shame.

Is Very Probable

How differently Jeremiah wrote. Hearing him, a stiff-necked generation hung its head: a stiff-necked generation still hangs its head when it listens to that thunder and lightning of lamentation. Of course, he did not write for the *Lady's Realm*; he had not an editor to consider; he was not remunerated by the thousand words. That is a difference which we have to take into account when we compare modern with ancient jeremiads. I do not mean to say that our latter-day denunciators write to order, or that the editor of the *Lady's Realm*, *The Times*, *Tit-Bits* (or whatever the particular journal may be) demands so many inches of irony at so many guineas from a contributor who—but for the necessity of earning his living—would much rather write in a jocose and jubilant vein. On the contrary, I believe our prophets of woe usually write—if I may use a phrase sacred to publishers' advertisements—from the heart to the heart.

But What is Wrong With It

From the heart to the heart is the way I write myself, or perhaps I should say, the way I try to write. It is the way everyone tries to write, from the Prime Minister, dealing with the merits of insular Free Trade, to the public benefactor, dealing with the merits of those pills which, at ninepence ha'penny a bottle, will confer health and happiness upon his paler fellow-countrymen. Even statisticians, whom one would imagine to be concerned, if any writers are, with the head, seem to prefer to make their appeal to what I suppose they consider the thinner and more penetrable organ. Certainly we have thick heads—most of us.

Can only be Determined

But, to return to the subject of modern Jeremiahs, despite the fact that they write from the heart to the heart, or, as I prefer to put it, with a good deal of sincerity, they are not so great an influence as they ought to be. I gave as the reason for this, in the case of the *Lady's Realm* critic a severity in the tone of the criticism. "This age is not an age of learning." I ought to be impressed by such a statement. Why am I not? Because it is followed by a statement which detracts from it, which makes me cheerily doubtful whether the writer really meant what she said—the statement, namely, that this is "an age of short cuts, motor-cars, and games." I see no harm in short cuts, motor-cars, and games. I should indulge in them all myself if ever I had the opportunity. What is more, I can also conceive learned men indulging in them, saving time by short cuts, being haled before magistrates for driving motor-cars at so furious a pace that the policeman's stop-watch simply couldn't calculate it, playing games—even including Bridge—in their leisure hours.

By Critics not in the Habit

In short, I cannot see that the existence of short cuts, motor-cars, and games requires me to be ashamed of my age and generation, even if I could feel—which I cannot—that short cuts, motor-cars, and games were peculiarly typical of my age. They seem to be no more typical than rattlesnakes, appendicitis, and cheap magazines. All of these things exist; we need be ashamed of none of them. Yet of some things peculiarly belonging to our own time we do need to be ashamed. Precisely what they are I cannot tell. Nobody can, it seems. That is what I wished to indicate when I took the *Lady's Realm* criticism (which, after all—for all I know—may not even be meant to be severe: I have committed the shameful sin of reading it divorced from its context) as more characteristic of the age than motor-cars.

Of Sparing the Rod

I wished to indicate that though the critics are many, their censures that strike home are few. It would seem as though they understood that we liked to be tickled for our sins but hate to be lashed, and refrain from lashing accordingly. Whom have we, for example, in this age, to compare with Carlyle or Matthew Arnold? Echo appeared to be about to answer "Whom?" when someone suggested to

me the name of Mr. J. M. Barrie. There is no name for which I have more respect, and there are few writers who have given me more pleasure. But Mr. Barrie spoils me. He spares the rod and spoils all of us. Even from *Little Mary* we went away conscious that Mr. Barrie had selected for castigation, as a national vice, something that we might be guilty of on Christmas Day, but were for the most part as innocent of as a nation with our inability to cook anything appetising could possibly be.

And Spoiling the Child

No, neither Mr. Barrie, nor anyone else who now writes, tells us what is wrong with our age, as Carlyle and Matthew Arnold told what was wrong with their age... Such satirists as we have are specialists, chasing their prey into holes and corners, and worrying it there well enough, no doubt. But that is not all we need. We want to know what is wrong with the age of which we ourselves are a part and parcel. We want to know what is wrong with ourselves, as men responsible, in some strange and small and not impossible way, for this myriad flow of things that is called our age. That there is something wrong we know. For the knowledge of what it is—apart from this, and that, and the other, the obvious things that stare at us—we have to wait until the seer comes. I wonder—will he, when he comes, write upon us in the *Lady's Realm?*

MINIMUS.

Drawn by Hilda Cowham

Elsie to Jacky (who has just been sent to his room for quarrelling):

"Jacky, dear, you may come out now and we'll be friends"
JACKY (gruffly): "Can't. I m shaving"

Photo by *Tresca*

Polichinelle Presents His Compliments to "The Emperor"

Photo by *Tresca*

One of the King's Guards

Photo by

His Majesty King Carnival XXXII.
Late ruler of Nice merrymakers

Giletta

A Fine Team of Old English Sheepdogs

At the present time there is a "boom" in this breed of dog across the Atlantic Twelve months ago a well-known English fancier took a team to New York and set the fashion, selling most of his exhibits, ever since when they have commanded high prices. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's favourite breed is the collie, and he recently gave £1,000 for a famous prize-winner.

A Gigantic Breaker at Bognor during the Recent Gales

"Sou'-westers" are not uncommon at Bognor, and some heavy seas are experienced all along the south coast of Sussex; but the breaker illustrated above proved a record, and was reported to measure 70 ft. in height, and from 350 to 400 ft. in length The chimneys of Cotswold Terrace can just be distinguished above the crest of this monster wave. It did a great deal of damage

FROM ABROAD.

At Royal Abbazia

Comparatively few English people are acquainted with Abbazia, "the Nice of the Adriatic," nestling among its groves of laurels on the Istrian shore. The season corresponds with that of the French Riviera, and is now in full swing. Judging from the long list of royal personages who annually sojourn there, it may be said to rank as the most regal resort in all Europe. Among those who visit Abbazia every year are the King and Queen of Roumania, the Emperor of Austria, and the *élite* of Austrian society; it is also a favourite resort of Germans and Russians. Not long ago the King of Greece paid the town a visit in his man-of-war, named the *Psara*. In the coming spring it is rumoured that no less than four crowned heads of Europe will meet together at Abbazia, and these will probably include the King of Denmark, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, and another monarch, possibly the Kaiser. The winter climate of Abbazia is quite ideal, the mean temperature being about 50 degrees. Sheltered from cold winds, Abbazia is well adapted for invalids anxious to escape the severity of the English winter. The coast scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and commands extensive views of the Quarnero.

No Lack of Amusements

Although its amusements cannot be said to vie in brilliancy with those of the Riviera, yet visitors will always find plenty to occupy their time. The Casino is provided with a splendid orchestra, and the beautiful park adjoining rivals the famous gardens of Miramare in the variety of its exotics. Although the water is of scarcely sufficient warmth to permit of sea-bathing in mid-winter, one can bathe with comfort as late as November or as early as April. The excursions by land and by water are inexhaustible. The walks, adorned with evergreens, such as the citron, magnolia, and camelia, which bloom here in profusion in the open air, present a pleasing contrast to the ashy grey of the heights above and the blueness of the sea below. Trips can be made by water to the Croatian Littoral and the Quarnerian Islands. Added to this, the most comfortable accommodation is to be found at the hotels and villas belonging to the Sleeping Car

A View of Abbazia, the "Nice of the Adriatic," which since 1880 has become famous as a Regal Health Resort

Situated amid magnificent scenery, its winter climate is ideal, the mean temperature being about 50 degrees

Company. The villas, which, by the way, are quite a feature of the place, are so comfortable that the King and Queen of Roumania, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, and several other Royal persons frequently engage them for the season, preferring this mode of living to the trouble of maintaining a separate establishment.

The Sacred City of Kairawan

Kairawán, or, as it is more generally, but incorrectly, called — Kairwan, Kirwan or Kerouan, is one of the sacred cities of the Mohammedans. The Arabic historians relate the foundation of Kairawán by 'Okba with miraculous circumstances. The date is uncertain, no two historians agreeing; but Tabari places it as before 670 A.D. Although the Mecca of Northern Africa, it is a city of the regency of Tunis, and lies thirty miles inland from Sus, about eighty miles due south from the capital. It is built on an open plain, a little to the west of a stream which flows south to the Sidi-el-Heni Lake. Kairawán is essentially a religious city, from which the Jew and the heretic is rigorously excluded. It is only at very rare intervals that access has been obtained by Christian travellers, though for them, in ordinary circumstances, there is but little real danger. The few English travellers who have penetrated the gates of the Sacred City have told of quaint and picturesque mosques and buildings, and of luxuriant gardens and olive groves; but only one or two have produced any photographs by which Europeans might learn more of the nature of the Mecca of Northern Africa.

A "Battle" of Confetti

A Carnival Scene in the Streets of Nice

A Gay Crowd in the Place Massena, Nice

The large building in the foreground is the Casino

CARNIVAL TIME ON THE RIVIERA

The Courtyard of the Great Mosque of Sidi Okba, Kairawan, Beyond which no European has Entered

Its Decadence of Vegetation

The Arabic historians speak of vegetation at Kairawán, but to-day all seems sterile and barren, except in a few small and treasured spots. It would seem as if a blight had fastened upon this isolated sacred city, which cherishes so many Mohammedan treasures within its walls. The total circuit of these walls, according to Mr. Edward Rae, is about 3,500 yards; and the population is variously estimated as from 10,000 to 15,000, though, in the height of its glory, it is reported to have had as many as 80,000 permanent inhabitants.

Panorama, Showing the Walls of the City, as seen from the Minaret of the Mosque of Sidi-Okba

SCENES IN THE SACRED CITY OF KAIRAWAN, TUNIS, THE "MECCA" OF NORTHERN AFRICA

Our correspondent, in his account of Kairawan, is too modest to mention the fact that he himself penetrated to the Sacred City, and took the accompanying photographs, braving the unpleasant consequences which would have followed on the detection of an unbeliever in the act of snap-shotting

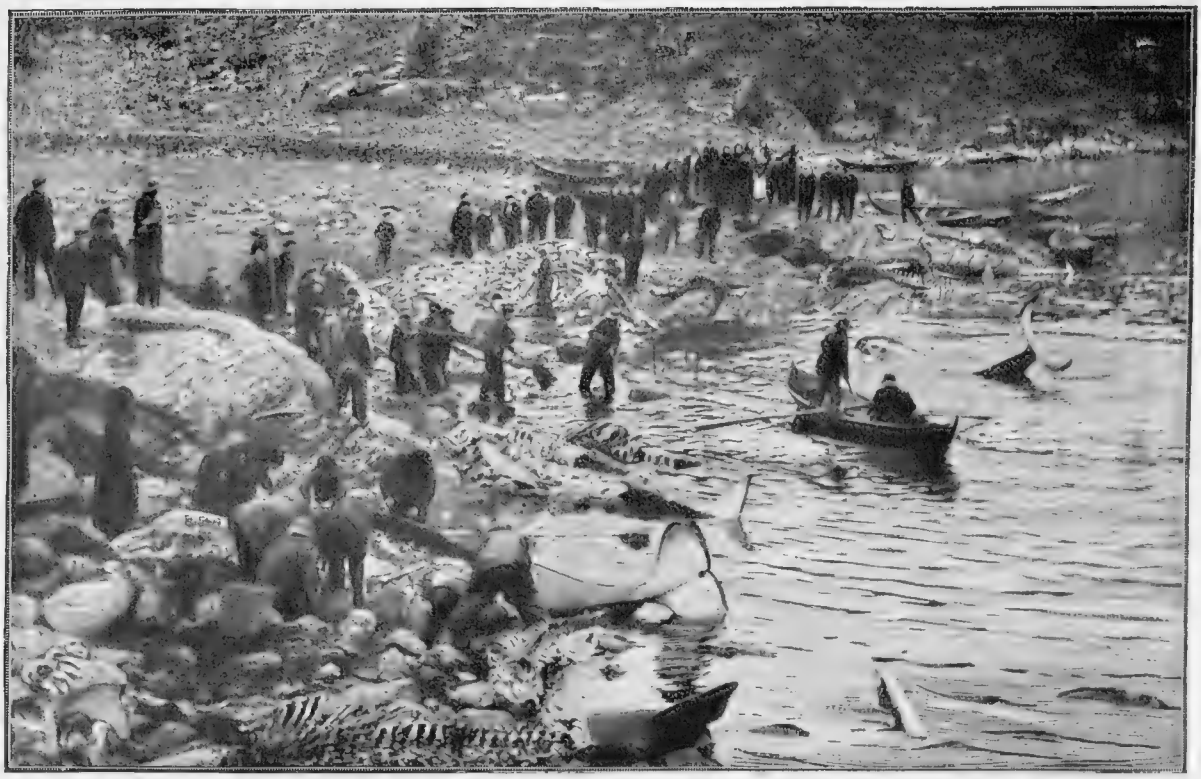
The Principal Street in the Business Quarter of Kairawan, Tunis

It will be noticed that, curiously enough, the inhabitants have adopted the European system of paving and kerbing

Notwithstanding the size of Kairawán, there are only six mosques of importance in the city; but the variety and number of the lesser religious structures are exceedingly great, and, in several places, the public streets are crowded with the tombs of saints and warriors of the Mohammedan faith.

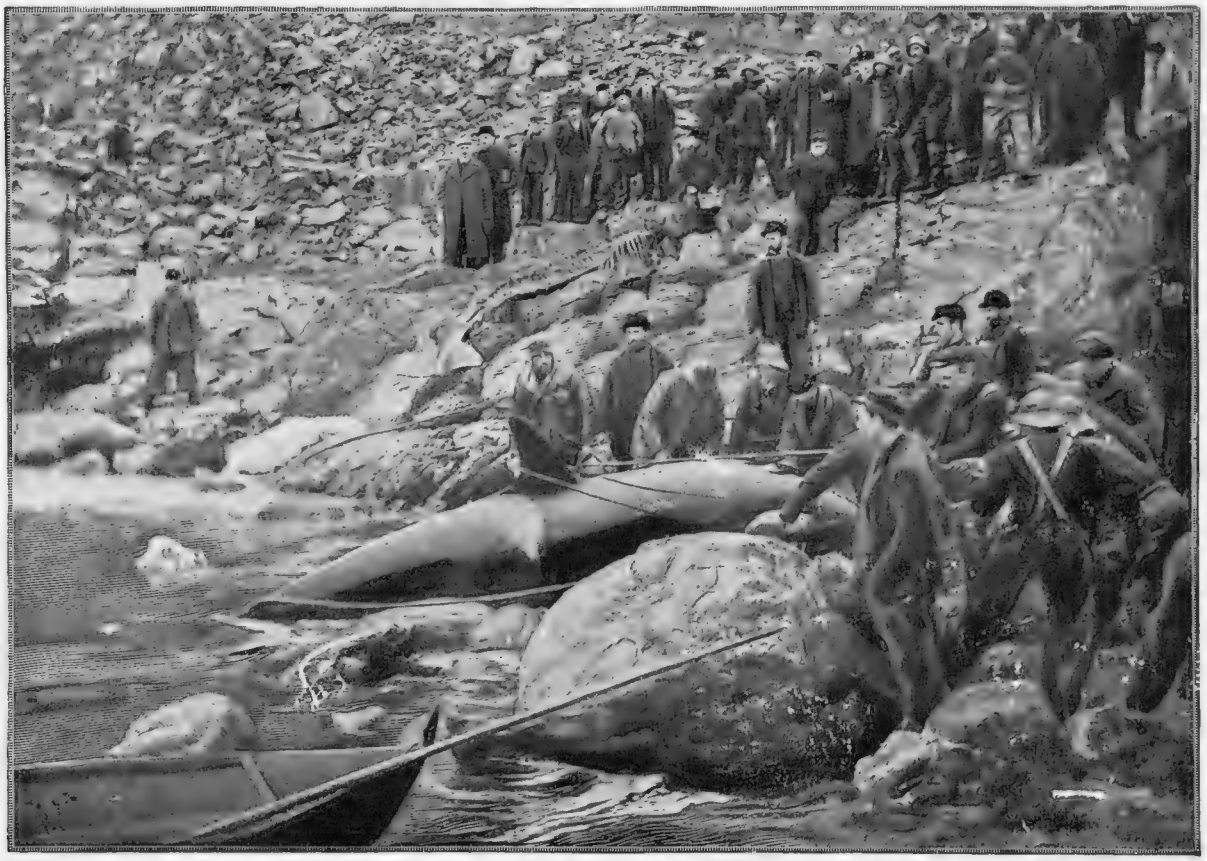
A Bird's-Eye View of Copenhagen

Showing Holmens Canal and many objects of historical interest. To the left can be discerned the entrance to the chapel of the ruined Christiansborg Palace. The square tower showing up prominently in the right centre of the picture is that of St. Nicolaus. The Church itself was burnt down by the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. Opposite Holmens Bridge is held the famous flower market



The Fishermen of Bergen and the District Around have a Holiday in Order to Dispose of Their Great Capture
The curiously shaped tail of a grampus (very similar to the screw of a steamer) is seen in the right of the picture

The view of the chief street of Kairawán will show that, in many ways, the people have adopted modern and European ideas of paving and kerbing, though the distinctively Arabian dress is exclusively retained. It is in this main street that the market of the city lies; a market once noted throughout the East for its carpets and oil of roses, but now chiefly known for its manufacture and sale of copper vessels, morocco leather goods, and potash and saltpetre.



Hauling the Last of the Monsters Ashore. Great Excitement Prevailed, and the Catch is Looked Upon as a Great Stroke of Fortune, it being the Largest During the Last Thirty-five Years

SCENES OF THE GREAT CAPTURE OF GRAMPUSES OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY

A Scourge of the Sea

An extraordinary "catch" of grampuses, made by fishermen in a creek lying to the south of Bergen, has been hailed with manifestations of joy by the entire populace. The grampus is perhaps one of the most savage monsters in the sea. Much smaller than a whale, it is, however, much more formidable. Armed with long crooked teeth, and swimming with great rapidity, the grampus is a veritable scourge of the sea, destroying all kinds of fish, and having no fear of attacking even whales. As a French writer with quaint excess of metaphor puts it, the latter "flee before these tigers of the sea like horses before a pack of hungry wolves." Another scribe relates how he saw the death agonies of a whale which was being literally eaten alive. The whale in its anguish reared itself far out of the water, showing the grampus fastened deep in its flesh.

The Castle of Tenno, a Romantic Spot on Lake Garda

The shores of this lake are lined with villas belonging to Italians, as it is very popular with them, owing to the salubrious climate and the beauty of the whole district. Situated 226 feet above sea-level, the lake has an area of 115 square miles, and is the largest in Italy

Spring on the Italian Lakes

Now that the season on the Riviera is drawing to a close, the Italian lakes are beginning to show signs of life, and beautiful Stresa, Pallanza, Baveno, and Locarno, on Lake Maggiore, are preparing to welcome all who adopt the very wise course of spending a few days in this lovely locality prior to returning home. Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, owing to their easy accessibility from centres like Milan and Novara, are perhaps the best known to English people; but no matter which of these you choose to visit, the same delightful climate and luxurious vegetation will be found. Those who seek a change this spring would do well to follow our advice and try the beautiful Lake of Garda, which in many respects surpasses in picturesqueness any of the three lakes we have just mentioned. Lago di Garda, as it is termed locally, is situated partly in Italian and partly in Austrian territory. Riva Sirmioni and Limoni, with its groves of lemons almost at the water's edge, Tenno, and many other equally beautiful spots, are well worth visiting. The scenery is a combination of Alpine and semi-tropical, while the climate is quite ideal. In the spring the scenery and vegetation is at its best, the beauty of the landscape being greatly enhanced by the profusion of almond, peach, and apricot blossoms; indeed, the botanist will then find there a wealth and variety of flowers as would surprise even the most expectant. The northern end of the lake is in Austrian territory, and the vegetation is naturally more Alpine in character. Steamers ply frequently between Riva and Desenzano; there is, besides, good fishing, sailing, and rowing. The hotels, especially the one at Riva, will compare favourably with those found in the towns on the other lakes.

Polo on the Continent

Of late years the game, which was first introduced into Paris in the early nineties, has been making wonderful progress on the Continent, and there is now hardly a country in Europe without at least one polo club. In

France there are now three, at Paris, Compiègne, and Deauville, while the game has also been played during the winter at Pau. There are now two clubs in Germany, at Hamburg and Frankfort, and there is also one at Therapia, a suburb of Constantinople, which is mainly supported by members of the diplomatic corps. Polo has also been successfully started at St. Petersburg by Prince Serge Beloiselsky-Belozerski, and in Buda Pesth by Count Geza Andrassy. Last year, two new clubs were established, at Rome and Ostend. One of the principal supporters of the former club is the Prince of San Faustino, a prominent Italian sportsman, who is Deputy Master of the Roman Foxhounds. He is also a member of the committee of the Ostend polo club, which intends to hold two big tournaments at the end of July under the management of Captain E. D. Miller.

Lemon Gardens on the Shores of Lake Garda. These descend in Groves along the Sloping Hillsides almost to the Shore of the Lake, and Present a Beautiful Picture to the Tourist

An Expensive Russian Giant

The Anthropological Society of Berlin is studying a young Russian giant, who is at present the guest of that learned body. He is twenty-two years old, was born at Kustjuk, and, though very nearly nine feet high, is admirably proportioned. He has been measured and scientifically examined by the famous German ethnograph, Felix de Luschau, who announces that, according to the papers of Virchow, Feodor Machow is five inches higher than the tallest man ever exhibited in public. It is said that among his ancestots there were many giants, but his father and mother are of normal size. He is of Styrian origin. A child twelve months old, normal size, can quite well be put out of sight in one of the boots of this Titan. He has a perfect ogre's appetite, and it is said the society is beginning seriously to consider the bills for his meals, as four pounds of meat only counts for a trifle at his repasts.

Epsom Salts by the Caspian Sea

A mine of Epsom salts has just been discovered in the Gulf of Kara Boghaz, on the east of the Caspian Sea, by an expedition under Colonel Spindler. It will be of immense commercial value, as this bay covers about 12,000 square miles, and is nowhere deeper than about thirty feet. The bay is almost completely separated from the Caspian Sea by two tongues of land, which nearly meet, forming a narrow channel, through which the salt waters rush to deposit their saline burden. Evaporation being extremely rapid in these regions, the salinity is reckoned at 16·3 per cent. The result is, that the entire bed of the lake is formed of pure Epsom salts and a deposit of gypsum. At Lebedintseff an area of nearly 3,000 square miles has over six feet depth of these salts. The extreme shallowness of the waters will permit of working by dredgers.

A Common Language

A new universal language is likely to be sprung upon us. Like "Esperanto," its originators have not been thoughtful enough to select a tongue already in use by several

The Prince of San Faustino, who is Deputy Master of the Foxhounds which Hunt the Roman Campagna
Besides riding to hounds, His Highness is a member of the Rome Polo Club, of which he is one of the founders, and is on the Committee of the New Ostend Polo Club

millions of people, but propose once more to give the whole world a new study. In this case it is a kind of dog Latin, and its founder is said to have had the idea suggested by a discovery among the ruins of Pompeii, where he learnt that the sailors, the soldiers, the merchants, and the custom-house officials, having to deal with people of all nationalities comprised in Rome's vast empire, used a sort of low Latin, which strangers learnt very easily. It is said to be very far removed from the language of Cicero, and more resembling the jargon which is talked in the Levant. It is to be known as Commercial Latin.

Foxhunting in the Roman Campagna
Attendance of officers from the Italian "Sandhurst"—Tor de Quinto. Following the hounds is part of the curriculum ordained by the authorities for cavalry cadets, and they soon become expert riders, being very "sporting" and plucky

CONCERNING MARK TWAIN

What distinguishes the gay authors from the melancholy authors (according to a French observer) is that the gay authors are melancholy, while the melancholy authors are gay. The gay author loves solitude, and is usually plunged in gloom; the pranks and quips of the melancholy author, on the other hand, are the delight of the huge circle of boon companions of which he is the centre. Perhaps I may venture to quote the final stanza, appropriate as it is to the subject of these remarks, from the poem in which the foreigner referred to has expressed this view:

> Si des fois un auteur triste
> Me r'prochait de n'êtr' pas gai,
> J'dirais, "J'suis un auteur gai,
> Voilà pourquoi j'suis si triste."

And so it is with Mark Twain. No man ever took more sadly to heart, for instance, a case of public wrong-doing or injustice. His is too large a nature to grieve overmuch about private sorrows—though of these he has had more than his share—but has not everyone felt, in reading work of his, the sorrow and indignation with which he approaches, for example, the subject of slavery as he knew it in his Missouri birthplace, and for the first thirty years, or thereabouts, of his long life? It is the same with the Philippine war of our own times; it is the same with the feudalism and clericalism of mediæval times — both of these he has assailed with that weapon of satire which seems to grow sharper and heavier in his hand as the years pass. Personally, he has been described in late years by one who knows him as "a sorrow-stricken man, without any hope or faith in the future." He seemed, till lately, to find life easiest in his solitary home by Lake Saranac, in the Adirondack woods, living with his wife and daughter, seeing no other faces, and turning out his allotted task of "words" every day.

And yet always, as the sketch on another page will show, Mark Twain is the humourist, above all else. That is his business. As he has said himself, "I have no really literary taste, and never had." There is nothing in any work of his to lead us to doubt his word on the point. Indeed, literary aptitude has been laughed at by him as much as anything. To one of his novels he supplied an appendix containing eloquent descriptions of different kinds of weather. Anyone reading the story, who felt that he would like a description of weather, after the custom beloved of so many writers, could turn to the end of the book and take his choice. In a recent story, again, Mark Twain inserted, of malice aforethought, a purple patch of rustic description, concluding with the words:

> . . . . The sensuous fragrance of innumerable deciduous flowers rose upon the swooning atmosphere; far in the empty sky a solitary œsophagus slept upon motionless wing; everywhere brooded stillness, serenity, and the peace of God.

This brought the author letters as the sands of the sea for multitude, praising the passage in warm terms, but inquiring what an œsophagus was. After some time a reply was published, to the effect that the phrase about the œsophagus made just as good reading as anything else in the descriptive paragraph, which had "not a vestige of sense in any detail of it." As for poetry, he declares that he has several times had the "something-creeping-up-your-back feeling" which is peculiar to poets. It came to him with special force on seeing a kangaroo for the first time.

This accurate memory for his own mental experiences has been shown in another connection. Mark Twain declares that he cannot remember his first lie; but that he remembers his first truth as if it were last week. "The family," he adds, "think it was the week before; but that is probably flattery." His second lie, however, he recollects very distinctly. "I was," he observes, "nine days old at the time." From the very beginning of his career as a writer, Mark Twain has always posed as a connoisseur of lies. Lying, in his view, is as ingrained a habit in humanity as breathing. His view of his fellow-creatures, in fact, is not an enthusiastic one, and is summed up in his maxim: "Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to." He earnestly maintains, in private talk, the superiority of a dog's life to a man's. And yet this cynical student of the weaknesses of humanity has given to us one of the noblest examples of duty that our times can produce. When the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster and Co., which he set on foot in 1884, failed ten years later for many thousands of pounds, he set to work, at the age of thirty, to pay off every dollar of the debts by his own labour; for he would not compound for a portion of the sum in the usual way. He has paid those debts and satisfied his honour.

Before this crash, Mark Twain was a millionaire. Once, long before, he was within an ace of the same high dignity. It was in his mining days in Nevada. He and his partner struck a rich "lead;" but each left it to the other to begin work, and, after the ten-day limit had elapsed, others "located" the mine. But for this fortunate piece of joint imbecility on the part of Messrs. Higgins and Clemens (of course, everyone knows that Clemens is the real name of Mark Twain), it would never have occurred to him to write at all. Probably necessity drove him to this work. Let us be grateful to her.

Mark Twain is an old man by years—he is in his sixty-ninth. But he is vigorous in mind and body. "The grey hair is an accident of the most trivial," as Mr. Kipling said, when, in the days before his own boom, he paid a visit of homage to Mark Twain, and tried to steal his corn-cob pipe as a memento. He lives a simple life, and limits his consumption of cigars to twenty a day. Just now he is living in Florence, on account of his wife's health; as usual, working away. He has been printer, journalist, steamboat pilot, soldier (five weeks), and miner. He was thirty before he thought at all seriously of authorship. He happily decided that no one should think seriously of him in that capacity; he became, in an amazingly short time, one of the most universally recognised and beloved of writers in our tongue.

Mark Twain

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Real Conversations." By William Archer. A volume of personal talks with celebrities. (Heinemann: 6*s.* net.)

"The Back Blocks of China: a Narrative of Experiences Among the Chinese, Sifans, Lolos, Tibetans, Shans, and Kachins, between Shanghai and the Irrawadi." By R. Logan Jack, F.G.S. (Arnold: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"Japan: Aspects and Destinies." By W. Petrie Watson. Grant Richards: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Stella Fregelius: a Mystical Story of Modern Life." By H. Rider-Haggard. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Chinka's Flat, and Other Stories." By Louis Becke. Tales of Australia and the South Sea Islands. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Royal Quaker." By Mrs. B. Tanqueray. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Man from Downing Street." By William Le Queux. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

Britannicomastix

"England Through Chinese Spectacles." By Wo Chang. (The Cotton Press. London.)

Mr. Wo Chang's book throws an interesting light on one of our English classics. We know now that Swift had China in his mind's eye when he described the country of the Houyhnhms. At any rate, the author has conceived, from his twenty odd years of residence in England, the same opinion of the English that Gulliver's host formed from the latter's explanation of our manners and customs. It is a good thing to know what others think of us, and Mr. Chang's book, which admittedly deals only with our faults, certainly contains the germs of a good many truths which might be taken to heart; but the exaggeration in which these germs are concealed, and the excessive virulence of his strictures are more apt to raise a laugh than enforce a lesson. One thing, however, the author has learnt, and that is the language. It is true that his style is turgid, somewhat reminiscent of Anstey's Mr. Jabberjee, yet his command over printable terms indicative of disapprobation (to put it mildly) will arouse the admiring envy of all his readers. To allude to a defaulting debtor as "this corporate mass of pulpy corruption" is a good effort for a foreigner.

But there is a great deal of *naïveté* about him; he rails against our "Society," and lifts his pious hands in horror at its extravagances:

> Go to the Drawing-room of Her Majesty, and the dominant elements which obtrude themselves oppressively in all directions are the products of the jeweller, the milliner, the clothier, and the furniture warehouseman.

Extravagance is the "Promethean vulture which incessantly preys upon the liver of the British middle class." He contrasts the "elaborately dressed and scented mob, designated 'Society' in England," with the "calm, refined, rational, and intelligent life of a Chinese gentleman"; yet, a moment later, we find that this Chinese gentleman, "practising economy, cannot make less than an expenditure of £224 suffice for his numerous garments, and not a few o that position spend £630 in outfits." He pours contempt on those who

> Would be delighted to see her (the Queen) ride, once a year, from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords behind four pairs of cream-coloured horses and postilions, all stiff with silver gilt and tinsel, under the superfluous guardianship of a host of fellows in mediæval attire.

But when we come to the calm, refined, etc., life of the Chinese gentleman, we find the following item:

> "The New Year's Coat," a garment forming a special part of the Chinese gentleman's wardrobe, is worn by him only for an hour or more on the first day of each year, when paying obeisance to the Emperor. . . . On no account does it see the light again until another twelve months have elapsed. The robe is made of the richest, finest, and heaviest silk, embroidered all over with golden dragons and parti-coloured clouds, and traversed by white and silver lines. Mandarins and millionaires have been known to own wardrobes valued at £20,000 to £100,000.

And, after all, the pleasure taken in the observance of the few remaining mediævalisms left to us, is akin to "the supreme veneration for ancestors" which makes China a paradise.

Our criminal system, too, is rotten. We spend absurdly large sums on prisons and police. Our only hope of salvation is to adopt the Chinese method of punishing the entire family of a criminal as partly responsible for his offence: a somewhat Hibernian method of reducing expenditure.

But the book does not admit of serious criticism; it only proves once more the utter inability of East and West to comprehend each the motive-springs of the other's lives. It is better to confine attention to the unconscious humour displayed. Take, for instance, the picture of the caricaturist on 'Change, that pandemonium where certain fiends "are not ashamed to call themselves 'bears'":

> It boasts among its members a talented caricaturist, who has executed some forcible satirical pictures containing unmistakable portraits of faces familiar within its walls. In the leading cartoons published by this gentleman, these faces are sometimes attached to repulsive-looking bodies of reptiles, quadrupeds, and crawling insects in endless variety. The display, as a rule, is that of unmitigated abomination and wretchedness, unrelieved

by a single ray of genuine humour that could make an onlooker smile. A certain broker, who is an ex-M.P., and some of his prosperous friends, are represented as perched upon the branches of a tree, in hideous form, under the title of "Birds of Paradise." So far from members of the "House" feeling insulted at this pictorial travesty of some of their fraternity by one of their own number . . . they seem rather to take it as a compliment, to revel in the appropriateness of the beastly figures, and to cherish the author as a domestic pet.

His picture of a breach-of-promise case is also good :

The barristers were seen to hold their sides, almost screaming with merriment, several of whom in their agitation—which threatened almost painful consequences—let their wigs fall from their heads on the table. Even the venerable judge . . . . precipitately thrust his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, which made him cough violently.

One thing the reader will regret, that the "long list of similar anecdotes" about the corruption of British ministers "included in my Chinese publication" is omitted because "it would be almost a breach of hospitality to repeat (them) here." By the way, it is interesting to note that it is not "a breach of hospitality" to smite your host, provided the blow is in the back. But though our civilisation is a failure, and the Caucasian played out though we are deceitful, immoral, dishonest, profligate, and venal, though all our institutions are a mass of rottenness, yet we can bear this with equanimity when we gratefully realise that we are at least spared those "good novels of 1,500 leaves, in twenty volumes," which Mr. Chang mentions as one of the blessings of China.

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

The story of the famous duel between the *Shannon* and the American frigate *Chesapeake*, off Boston, in 1813, will be told again from the American side in a biography of the American commander, which Messrs. Putnam are to publish. Captain Lawrence has had to wait for this tribute to his memory much longer than "Brave Broke," his victorious adversary of the *Shannon*, whose "life," by Dr. Brighton, appeared in 1866. Both commanders fought their last fight in this memorable duel, Captain Lawrence being mortally wounded and Captain Broke receiving a blow while boarding the *Chesapeake* which shattered his health and sent him into retirement from active service—with a baronetcy. The forthcoming "life" of his gallant opponent has been written by Commander Alfred Gleaves of the U.S.S. *Mayflower*, and Admiral Dewey has supplied it with an introduction.

Some hitherto unpublished details concerning the Dreyfus case may be expected in the "life" of Zola, by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, which Mr. Lane is to publish shortly. Mr. Vizetelly enjoyed Zola's intimate friendship for many years, and was admitted to his confidence at more than one momentous period in the Frenchman's life. By his translations of the novels he did his utmost to make Zola appreciated in this country—less on the novelist's account than in order, as he has himself admitted, to clear his family name of the stigma left upon it by his father's prosecution. Originally he had little to do with the first translations of Zola's works, and dreaded a catastrophe all along. His advice to bowdlerise the books to suit English tastes was not adopted. "Even when I was allowed to modify them slightly," he writes, "my alterations were, by my instructions, limited to such as could be made in the stereotyped plates. This was insufficient, and thus disaster came." The later translations of Zola's works, as is well known, were done by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly himself.

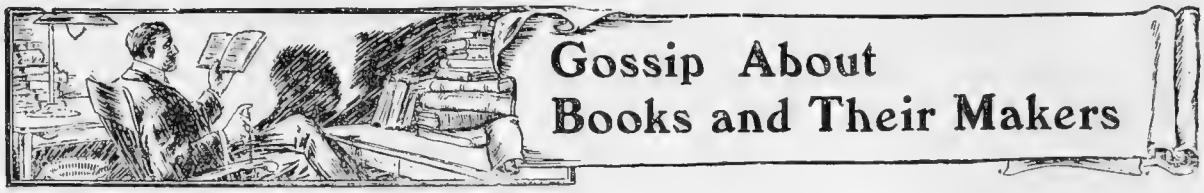
The sweeping changes at the War Office lend special interest to General Sir Robert Biddulph's "History of Lord Cardwell's Administration, from 1868 to 1874," which Mr. Murray has in preparation. Cardwell was the only War Minister for whom Lord Wolseley went out of his way to say a good word in his recently published reminiscences, and the history of this administration certainly shows a remarkably fine record. It includes the unification of the War Office, and the abolition of the dual government of the Army; the adoption of short service in order to obtain sufficient reserves to strengthen the first line in case of war; the abolition of the purchase system and the opening of the commissioned ranks to general competition; the re-organisation of the infantry, and the general improvement of the soldier's position.

Two new books of travel will show that orchids have their romantic as well as their political aspects. One book, coming from Messrs. Smith Elder, relates the adventures of Mr. Eugene André, who, as orchid-hunter to the Hon. Lionel Rothschild, has been exploring the Orinoco and other little known parts of South America in search of rare specimens of the plant. The second book bears the rather curious title of "Bog Trotting for Orchids," and deals with plant life in the swamps of the Hoosac Valley, a region extending over parts of Vermont, New York, and Massachusetts. The writer is an American lady, whose book will be published, on both sides of the Atlantic, by Messrs. Putnam.

Next week Messrs. Methuen will publish a new novel by Mr. J. S Fletcher, entitled, "David March." The author in this book returns to the Stuart period; and, as in the case of his best-known novel, "When Charles the First was King," the scene of the story is laid in Yorkshire. David March is a parish 'prentice to a village blacksmith, and, subsequently, a worker in metal for Sir Christopher Wren. Charles the Second and various other historic personages of his time figure prominently in the book, and there is, of course a strong love interest running through it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Millet and the Barbizon School." (Bell and Son.)
"Walsh, the Wonder-Worker." By G. Manville Fenn. 5*s*.
"Before the Great Pillage." By Rev. Augustus Jessopp. 3*s*. 6*d*. (Fisher Unwin.)
"The Mis-Rule of Three." By Florence Warden. 6*s*. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Sandford of the 'Smart Set.'" Edited by Desmond F. Coke. 1*s*. (Simpkin Marshall.)
"How to Identify Old China." By Mrs. W. Hodgson. 5*s*. (Bell and Sons.)



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Rider Haggard

One of the most notable books that have appeared within the last fortnight is undoubtedly Mr. Rider Haggard's new romance, "Stella Fregelius." Like others of his novels, it is concerned with the supernatural; but the moral seems to be much the same as that of Omar, when he discovered that "there was a veil past which I could not see." Mr. Haggard, although devoting so much of his time to the pursuits of a country squire, still contrives to keep his pen from rusting in the inkpot, and he commenced, at the beginning of the year, a series of charming articles in the *Queen*, entitled "A Gardener's Year." The garden of which he writes is more than a hundred years old, and contains almost unlimited material for the exercise of his extensive knowledge of flower and fruit growing. I am also told that he has promised to contribute a series of interesting papers on "Egypt To-Day" to the *Daily Mail*, as he is now visiting the land of Cleopatra, which has always had a special fascination for him, and of which he wrote with so much colour and romance in his novel "Cleopatra," fifteen years ago.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Rider Haggard

Author and Agriculturist

Mr. Rider Haggard, who is a justice of the peace for Norfolk and Suffolk, will be forty-eight years of age on June 22, and has led a remarkably full life, apart from the heavy list of literary work which stands to his name. Educated at Ipswich, he was only nineteen years of age when he went out to Natal as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, and at twenty-one he found himself Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, then, as now, under British rule. He also served as lieutenant and adjutant of the Pretoria Horse, a volunteer corps intended for service in Zululand when the Boers were giving trouble in 1879, but he retired from the Colonial service without seeing any fighting, and, returning to England, he read for the Bar, and was admitted to Lincoln's Inn just twenty years ago. Mr. Haggard's first book, like all his earlier novels, and, indeed, one might say, the greater part of all he has written was based upon information he had gathered, and the results of personal observation during his South African life. It was published in 1882, and gave an interesting account of "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours." For all his success as a novelist, I am sure that the work he has undertaken on behalf of agricultural England lies nearest his heart, and I have heard him say that it was all very well to write books, but it was better to help the rural population of England to improve its condition.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe

The younger writers of fiction who take themselves and their art seriously are so few that it behoves all who write about the makers of books to wish them God-speed. I am particularly glad to note the success which is attending Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's masterly story, "Through Sorrow's Gates," which I have had the pleasure of noticing at length in another quarter; it is, indeed, a pleasure to "the jaded reviewer" to have an opportunity of commending a good book, although the neophyte usually begins with the false notion that scalp-hunting is a more delightful pursuit. Mr. Sutcliffe will yet take high place in English literature, if he resists the temptation to over-produce. I notice, with some uneasiness, that he has already another novel in the press to be called "A Bachelor in Arcady;" but perhaps this will prove to be, as its title suggests, a light work, a sort of *hors d'œuvre*. Meanwhile,

Mr. Sutcliffe has interests of another, and, certainly, of a serious kind, as he is to be married to-morrow, February 18, to Miss Mabel Cottrell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Cottrell, of Fairholme, Cambridge Park, Twickenham. Mr. Sutcliffe, who has been holidaying recently in North Devon, lives at Bingley, in Yorkshire, close to the moors, of which he has written with such deep insight, and as he has seldom been before the camera, I am unable to present a photograph of him this week. He is only in his thirty-fourth year, and his first book, "A Tragedy in Gray," appeared ten years ago.

Mr. John Davidson

On Thursday last Mr. Lewis Waller "presented," at the Imperial Theatre, a new play by Mr. John Davidson, founded on Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. The theatre is no province of mine, but the production of the play is interesting, in view of Mr. Grant Richards having just issued it in book form, a circumstance which indicates the growing friendship between literature and the drama; for, alongside the deplorable condition of the stage in the matter of "musical comedy," the dramatic activities of our leading authors afford some hope that better days are in store for the theatre. Mr. Stephen Phillips's plays, like those of Mr. Pinero, and many of Mr. H. A. Jones, have appeared in book form; and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy turned his successful drama, *If I were King*, into a novel, but I do not think the latter enjoyed very much popularity. Mr. Davidson is a Scot and a son of the manse, having been born at Barrhead, forty-seven years ago; but Mr. J. H. Millar, whose very brilliant "Literary History of Scotland" I am gradually digesting, can find little trace of Mr. Davidson's extraction in his poetry, which, he considers, "falls in well with the prevailing fashion of verse in the metropolis"—whatever that may be. He is particularly hard on the author's "woeful attempts to reproduce the Stevensonian prose fantasy, as 'Perfervid.'" It is true that Mr. Davidson has been less successful in prose than in poetry, but there was evidence of very remarkable power in "Baptist Lake," which I am surprised to find was published so long ago as 1894. In his youth, the author of *A Queen's Romance*, as the new play is entitled, was employed at a sugar refinery at Greenock, and afterwards spent a good many years as a school teacher in different parts of Scotland.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. John Davidson

Mr. Leonard Merrick

The author of the brilliant short story which appears in this week's BYSTANDER, is a novelist and dramatist with a goodly number of successful books and plays to his credit. I believe that Mr. Merrick, like his fellow-novelist, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, was at one time an actor, and that is why the stage figures so frequently and with such an air of vivid realism in his books: notably in "The Actor-Manager," one of the best works of fiction he has given us. All the stories are marked by a strong sense of dramatic fitness, and he has achieved the difficult task of producing serials which remain full of deep interest when republished as books. Mr. Merrick is a Londoner, and celebrates his fortieth birthday on February 21. Like Sir Henry Irving, he has adopted his stage-name for regular use, his patronymic having been Miller. One of his best-known plays is *When the Lamps are Lighted*, and he has collaborated in dramatic work with such old hands as Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. F. C. Phillips.

An Irish Singer

Turning to lady writers, I am reminded to express the pleasure I have just had in reading "As the Sparks Fly Upward," a new book of poems by Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter, the gifted wife of one who is well known in the world of journalism. Mrs. Shorter's verse has that undertone of "sweet sadness" which we find in all Celtic poetry; but she is at times tuneful to a gay and dainty measure, and I confess that she suits my mood more often than so masterly a singer as Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is somewhat too mystical for my non-Celtic temperament. In Mrs. Shorter's latest collection of poems there is much that touches only the minor keys, but also some delightful touches inspired by the merrier muse. The Biblical phrase, "As the Sparks Fly Upward," has, by the way, been used as the title of a novel; but, of course, no confusion arises when the same title is applied to books so distinct in character as a work of fiction and a volume of poems. It is a different matter when two novels are similarly named, as in the case of Mr. Joseph Hocking's "A Flame of Fire," and the late Mrs. Haweis's novel, which bore the same title.

J. A. H.

A RETROSPECT OF THE PARTRIDGE SEASON

1903—1904

First Hour—"Anticipation"

Second Hour—"Preoccupation"

Last partridge season will long remain as a blot on the shooting records of many. The economical saving of powder was fully compensated for in the extravagant expenditure of boot leather. It is whispered that more birds were killed by the bad words, hurled after them by weary sportsmen who found their first covey at the end of the day in a moment of inattention, than by any other means. But then the actual killing of game is only one-half of the sportsman's delight. What is better, after a long day's tramp with the gun, than to get back to headquarters hungry and weary enough to enjoy a meal, a pipe, and then bed? These delights are, in themselves, worth the going for. Besides, he is a poor sportsman who has not learned to take the rough with the smooth—the bad sport of 1903-4 with the good sport which next season will perhaps bring forth.

TOM-TIT.

Third Hour—"Relaxation"

Fourth Hour—"Exasperation"

Fifth Hour—"Resignation"

"SPERO MELIORA"

OUR SHORT STORY

THE TRAGEDY OF A COMIC SONG

By LEONARD MERRICK

I like to monopolise a table in a restaurant, unless *she* is with me, so I resented the young man's presence. Besides, he had a melancholy face. If it hadn't been for the piano-organ, I don't suppose I should have spoken to him. As the organ that was afflicting Lisle-street began to volley a comic song of a day that was dead, he started.

"That tune!" he murmured in French. If I did not deceive myself, tears sprang to his eyes.

I was curious. Certainly, on both sides of the Channel, we had long ago had more than enough of the tune; no self-respecting organ-grinder rattled it out now. That the young Frenchman should wince at the tune I understood. But that he should weep!

Yes, I was curious; I smiled sympathetically. "We suffered from it over here as well," I remarked.

"I did not know," he said, in English that reproved my French, "it was sung in London also—'Partant pour le Moulin'?"

"Under another name," I told him, "it was an epidemic."

Clearly, the organ had stirred distressing memories in him, for though we fell to chatting, I could see that he neither talked nor dined with any relish. As luck would have it, too, the instrument of torture resumed its *répertoire* well within hearing, and when "Partant pour le Moulin" was reached again, he clasped his head.

"You find it so painful?" I inquired.

"Painful?" he exclaimed. "Monsieur, it is my 'istory, that comic tune! It is to me romance, tragedy, ruin. Will you hear? I shall arrange my thoughts. Listen:

It is Paris, the Quartier Latin—we are at the door of a laundress. A girl approaches. Her gaze is troubled, she frowns a little. What ails her? I shall tell you: the laundress has refused to deliver her washing until her bill is paid. And the girl, the girl cannot pay it—not till Saturday—and she has need of things to put on. It is a moment the most anxious.

She opens the door. Some minutes pass. The girl reappears—under her arm a little parcel. Good! She has triumphed. As she comes out, she sees a young man, pale, abstracted, who stands before the shop. He does not attempt to enter. He stands motionless, regarding the window with an air forlorn.

"Aha," she says to herself, "here is another customer who cannot pay his bill!"

But wait a little. After 'alf an hour what happens but she sees the young man again! This time he stands before a modest restaurant. Does he go in? No, again no! He regards the window sorrowfully. He sighs. The dejection of his attitude would melt a stone.

"Poor boy," she has thought; "also he cannot pay for a dinner!"

Still the affair is not finished. How beautiful it is the summer day!—she resolves to promenade. Figure to yourself that once more she perceives the young man. Now it is before the Mont de Piété, the pawnbroker's, that he stands. She watches him attentively. Here, at least, he will enter, she does not doubt. She is wrong. It is the same thing—he regards, he laments, he turns away.

"Oh, mon Dieu," she has said. "Even nothing remains to him to pawn!"

It is too much! She has addressed him:

"Monsieur!"

But, when she has said "Monsieur," there is the question how she shall continue. Now the young man regards the girl instead of the pawnbroker's. Her features are pretty—or "pretty well;" her costume has been made at 'ome, but it is not bad; and she has *chic*—above all, she has *chic*. He asks:

"What can I have the pleasure to do for you?"

Observe that she is Bohemian, and he also. The conversation has been like this:

"Monsieur, three times this morning I have seen you. It has been impossible that I resist speaking. You are in grief?"

"Frightful!" he has said.

"Perhaps," she has added timidly, "you are also hungry?"

"With a hunger insupportable, mademoiselle."

"I myself am extremely hard up, monsieur, but will you permit that I offer you what is in my power?"

"Angel!" the young man exclaimed. "There must be wings under your cape, but I beg of you not to fly yet. I shall tell you the reason of my grief. If you will do me the honour to seat yourself at the *café* opposite, we shall be in a position to talk more pleasantly."

This appeared strange enough, this invitation from a young man whom she had supposed was starving; but wait a little! Her amazement increased when, to pay for the wine he ordered, her companion threw on to the table a banknote with a gesture absolutely careless.

She was in danger of distrusting her eyes.

"Is it a dream?" she cried. "Is it a vision from the 'Thousand and One Nights,' or is it, indeed, a banknote?"

(All rights reserved)

"Mademoiselle, it is the mess of pottage," the young man answered gloomily. "It is the cause of my sadness; for that miserable money, and more to come, I have sold my birthright."

She was on a ship—no, what is it, your expression?—"at sea"!

"I am a poet," he explained; "however, you may not know my work, I am not celebrated; I am Tricotin, mademoiselle—Gustave Tricotin, at your feet. For years I have written, supported by ambition, and an uncle, who manufactures silk in Lyons. Well, the time is arrived when he is monstrous, my uncle. He says, 'Gustave, this cannot last—you make no living, you make nothing but debts. (My tragedies he has ignored). Either you must be a poet who makes money, or you must be a partner who makes silk.' How could I defy him?—he holds the purse. It was unavoidable that I stooped. He has given me a sum to satisfy my creditors, and on Monday I depart for Lyons. In the meantime, I take tender farewells of the familiar scenes I may never behold again."

"How I have been mistaken!" she exclaimed. And then: "But the hunger you confessed?"

"Of the soul, mademoiselle," said the poet, "the most bitter."

"And you have no difficulties with the laundress?"

"None at all," he groaned. "But in the bright days of poverty that have fled for ever, I have had many difficulties with her. This morning I reconstructed the situation—I have imagined myself without a *sou*, and without a collar."

"The little restaurant," she questioned, "where I saw you dining on the odour?"

"I figured fondly to myself that I was ravenous, and that I dared not enter. It was ecstatic."

"The Mont de Piété?"

"There imagination restored to me the vanished moments when I have mounted with suspense, and my least deplorable suit of clothes." His emotion was profound. "It is my youth to which I am bidding adieu!" he cried. "It is more than that—it is my aspirations and renown!"

"But you have said that you have no renown," she reminded him.

"So much the more painful," said the young man; "the flower we have not plucked is always the fairest—I part from renown even more despairingly than from youth."

She felt an amusement, an interest. But soon it was the turn of him to feel an interest—the interest that had consequences so important, so 'eartbreaking, so *fatales*! He had demanded of her, most naturally, her history, and this she related to him in a style dramatic. Myself, I have not the style dramatic, though I avow to you I have for it an admiration.

"We are in a provincial town," she has said to the young man, "we are in Rouen—the workroom of a *modiste*. Have no embarrassment, Monsieur Tricotin you, at least, are invisible to the girls who sew! They sew all day, and talk little—already they are *tristes*, resigned. Among them sits one different—one passionate, ambitious—a girl who burns to be *divette*, singer, who is devoured by longings for applause, fashion, wealth. She has made the acquaintance of a little tradesman who bakes pastry. He has become fascinated, they are affianced. In a month she will be married."

The young man, Tricotin, well understood that the girl she described was herself.

"What does she consider while she sits sewing?" she continued. "That the pastrycook loves her, that he is generous, that she shall do her most to be to him a good wife? Not at all. Far from that! She considers, on the contrary, that she was a fool to promise him; she considers how she shall escape—from him, from Rouen, from her ennui—she seeks to fly to Paris. Alas! she has no money, not a franc. And she sews—always she sews in the dull room—and her mind rebels."

"Good!" says the poet. "It is a capital first instalment!"

"The times goes on. It remains only a week for the marriage morning. The little home is prepared, the little pastrycook is full of joy. *Alors*, there is an evening they go out; for her the sole attraction in the town is the hall of varieties. Yes, it is third class, it is not great things; however, it is the only one in Rouen. He purchases two tickets. What a misfortune; it is the last temptation to her! They stroll back; she takes his arm—under the moon, under the stars—but she sees only the lamps of Paris! She sees only that he can say nothing she cares to hear!"

"Ah, unhappy man!" murmured the poet.

"They sit at a *café* table, and he talks, the *fiancé*, of the bliss that is to come to them. She attends to not a word, not a syllable. While she smiles, she questions (frenzied) how she can escape. She has commanded two *sirops*. As she lifts her glass to the syphon, her gaze falls on the ring she wears—the ring of their betrothal. 'To the future, *mon ange!*' says the *fiancé*. 'To the future, *chéri*!' she says. And she laughs in her heart—for she resolves to sell the ring!"

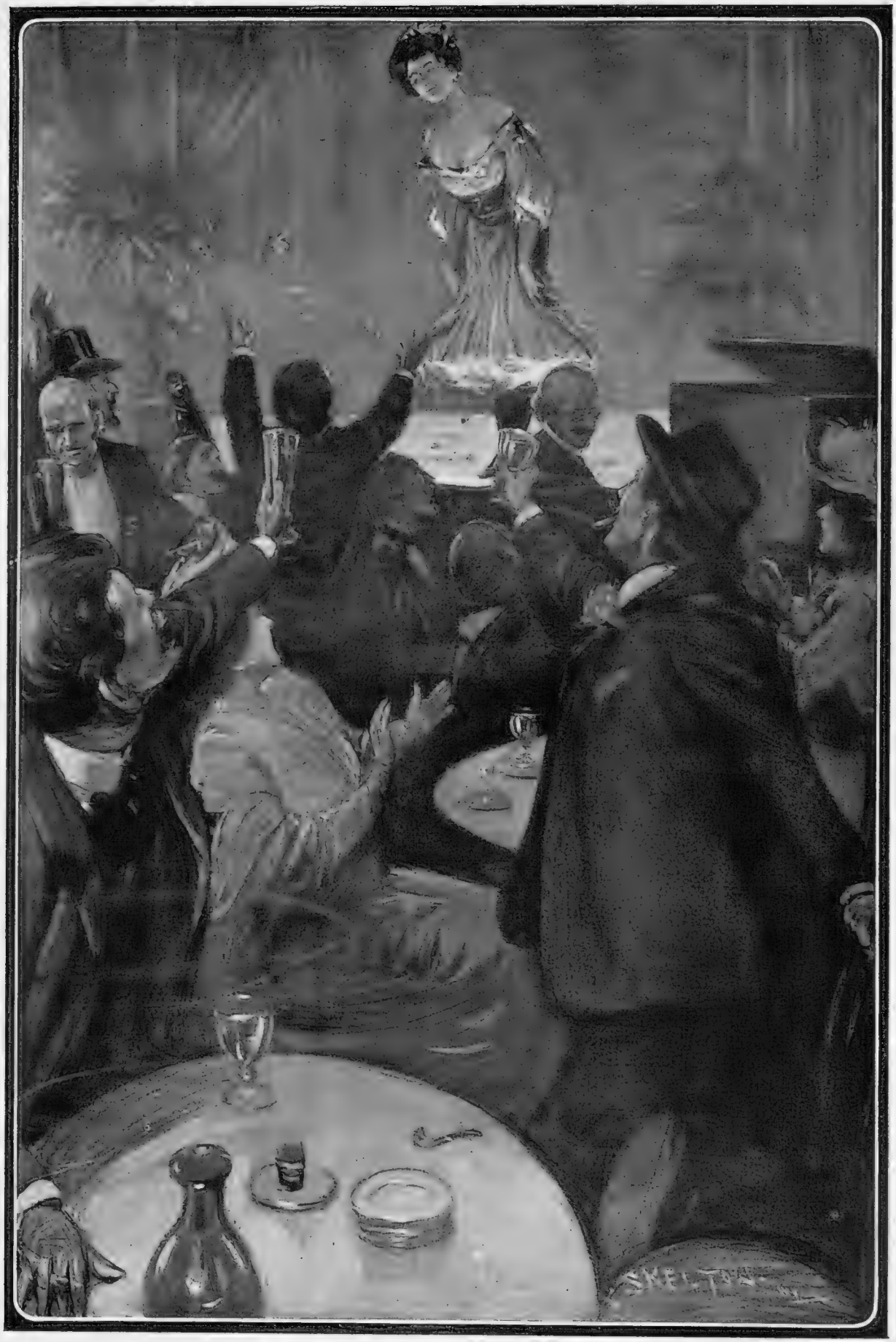
Tricotin had become absolutely enthralled.

"She obtained for the ring forty-five francs the next day—and for the little pastycook all is finished. She wrote him a letter—'Good-bye.' He has lost his reason. Mad with despair, he has flung himself before an electric car, and is killed. . . . It is strange," she added to the poet, who regarded her with consternation, "that I did not think sooner of the ring that was always on my finger, *n'est ce pas?* It may be that never before had I felt so furious an impulse to desert him. It may be also—that there was no ring and no pastrycook." And she broke into peals of laughter.

"Oh, *mon Dieu*," exclaimed the young man, "but you are enchanting! Let us go to breakfast—you are the kindred soul I have looked for all my life. By-the-bye, I may as well know your name?"

Then, monsieur, this poor girl who had trembled before her laundress, she told him a name which was in a little while to crowd the Ambassadeurs, and be famous through all Paris—a name which was to mean caprices, folly, extravagance the most wilful and reckless. She answered—and it said nothing yet—"My name is Paulette Fleury."

The piano organ stopped short, as if it knew the Frenchman had reached a crisis in his narrative. He folded his arms and nodded impressively.



But when she had finished, what an uproar! Never will she forget it

"*C'est ça.* Monsieur, I 'ave introduced you to Paulette Fleury! It was her beginning."

He offered me a cigarette, and frowned, lost in thought, at the lady who was chopping bread behind the counter.

"Listen," he resumed:

They have breakfasted; they have fed the sparrows around their chairs, and they have strolled under the green trees in the sunshine. She was singing then at a little *café concert* the most obscure. It is arranged, before they part, that in the evening he shall go to applaud her.

He had a friend, also young, a composer, named Nicolas Pitou. I cannot express to you the devotion that existed between them. Pitou was employed at a publisher's, but the publisher has not paid him much better than his art. The comrades have shared everything: the loans from the Mont de Piété, the attic, and the dreams. In the Quartier it was said "Tricotin and Pitou" as one says "Orestes and Pylades." It is beautiful such affection, *hein?* Listen.

Tricotin has recounted to his friend his meeting with Paulette, and when the hour for the concert is arrived, Pitou has accompanied him. The musician, however, was, perhaps, the more sedate. He has gone with little expectation; his interest was not high.

What a surprise he has had! He has found her an actress — an artist to the tips of the fingers. Tricotin also was astonished. The two friends, the poet and composer, said "Mon Dieu!" They regarded the one the other. They said "Mon Dieu!" again. Soon Pitou has requested of Tricotin an introduction. It is agreed. Tricotin has presented his friend, and invited the *chanteuse* to drink a bock—a glass of beer. . . . Apropos, you take a *fine champagne*, monsieur, yes? *Garçon, deux fines champagnes*! . . . You conjecture, no doubt, what I shall say? Before the bock was finished, they were in love with her—both!

At the door of her lodging, Paulette has given to each a pressure of the hand, and said gently, "Till to-morrow."

"I worship her!" Tricotin has told Pitou.

"I have found my Ideal!" Pitou has answered Tricotin.

It is sublime, such friendship, *hein?*

In the mind of the poet who had accomplished tragedies majestic—in the mind of the composer, the most classical in the Quartier Latin—there had been born a new ambition: it was to write a comic song for Paulette Fleury!

It appears to you droll, perhaps? Monsieur, to her lover, the humblest *divette* is more than Patti. In all the world there can be no joy so thrilling as to hear the music of one's brain sung by the woman one adores—unless it be to hear one's verse recited by the lips one loves. I believe it has been accepted as a fact, this; nevertheless it is true.

Yes, already the intention had come to them, and Paulette was well pleased when they told her of it. Oh, she knew they loved her, both, and with both she coquetted. But with their intention she did not coquet; as to that she was in earnest. Every day they discussed it with enthusiasm—they were to write a song that should make for her a *furore*.

What happened? I shall tell you. On Monday, when Tricotin was to depart for Lyons, he has informed his uncle that he will not go. No less than than! His uncle was furious—I do not blame him—but naturally Tricotin has argued "If I am to create for Paulette her great chance, I must remain in Paris to study Paulette! I cannot create in an atmosphere of commerce. I require the Quartier, the Boulevards, the inspiration of her presence?" Isn't it?

And Pitou—whose very soul had been enraptured in his leisure by a fugue he was composing—Pitou would have no more of it. He allowed the fugue to grow dusty, while day and night he thought always of refrains that ran "Ohé, la la la!" Constantly they conferred, the comrades. They told the one the other how they loved her; and then they beat their heads, and besought of Providence a fine idea for the comic song.

It was their thought supreme. The silk manufacturer has washed his 'ands of Tricotin, but he has not cared—there remained to him still one of the banknotes. As for Pitou, who neglected everything except to find his melody for Paulette, the publisher has given him the sack. Their acquaintances have ridiculed the sacrifices they made for her. But, Monsieur, when a man truly loves, to make a sacrifice for the woman is to make a present to himself.

Nevertheless, I avow to you that they have fretted because of her coquetry. In one hour it has seemed that Pitou had gained her heart; in the next her encouragement has been all to Tricotin. Sometimes they have said to her:

"Paulette, it is true we are as Orestes and Pylades, but France is a monogamous country. When we grow rich, is it Orestes or Pylades that you mean to crown!"

Then she would laugh and reply:

"How can I say? I like you both so much I can never make up my mind which to like best."

It was not satisfactory.

And always she added, "In the meantime, where is the song?"

Ah, the song, that song, how they have sought it! —in the Bois, and in the markets, and in the slums. Often they have tramped Paris till daybreak in meditating the great chance for Paulette. And at last the poet has discovered it: for each verse a different phase of life, but through it all, the pursuit of gaiety, the fever of the dance. The gaiety of youth, the gaiety of dotage, the gaiety of despair! It should be the song of the pleasure-seekers, the voices of Paris when the lamps are lit.

Monsieur, if we sat 'ere in the restaurant until it closed I could not describe to you how passionately Tricotin, the devoted Tricotin, did work for her. He has studied her without cessation; he has studied her attitudes, her expressions. He has taken his lyric as if it were material and cut it to her figure: he has taken it as if it were plaster, and moulded it upon her mannerisms. There was not a *moue* she made, not a pretty trick she had, not a word she liked to sing for which he did not provide an opportunity. At the

last line, when the pen fell from his fingers, he shouted to Pitou, "Comrade, be brave; I have won her!"

And Pitou? Monsieur, if we sat 'ere till they prepared the tables for *déjeun.r* to-morrow, I could not describe to you how passionately Pitou, the devoted Pitou, did work that she might have a grand popularity by his music. At dawn, when he has found that strepitoso passage, which is the hurrying of the feet, he wakened the poet to cry, "Mon ami, I pity you—she is mine!" It was the souls of two men when it was finished, that comic song they made for her! It was the song the organ had ground out—"Partant pour le Moulin."

And then they rehearsed it, tne three of them, over and over, inventing always new effects. And then the night for the song is arrived. It has rained all day, and they have walked together in the rain—the singer, and the men who loved her, both—to the little *café concert* where she would appear.

They tremble in the room, among the crowd, Pitou and Tricotin; they are agitated. There are others who sing—it says nothing to them. In the room, in the future, there is only Paulette!

It is very hot in the *café concert*, and there is too much noise! At the last they ask her: "Is she nervous?" She shakes her head: "Mais non!" she smiles to them.

Attend! It is her turn. Phew; but it is hot in the *café concert*, and there is too much noise! She mounts the platform. The audience are careless; it goes on, the jingle of the glasses, the hum of talk. She begins. Beneath the table Tricotin has gripped the hand of Pitou.

Wait! Regard the crowd that look at her! The glasses are silent, *hein?* The talk has stopped. To a great actress had come her chance! There is not too much noise in the *café concert.*

But, when she had finished, what an uproar! Never will she forget it. A thousand times she has told the story, how it was written—the song—and how it made her famous. Before two weeks she was the attraction at the Ambassadeurs, and all Paris has raved of Paulette Fleury.

Tricotin and Pitou were mad with joy. Certainly Paris did not rave of Pitou or Tricotin; there have not been many that remembered who wrote the song; also it earned no money for them, because it was hers—the gift of their love. Still, they were enraptured. To both of them she owed equally, and more than ever it was a question which would be the happy man.

Listen. When they have gone to call on her one afternoon she was not at 'ome. What had happened? I shall tell you. There was a noodle, rich—what you call a "Johnnie in the Stalls"—who became infatuated with her at the Ambassadeurs. He whistled "Partant pour le Moulin" all the days, and went to hear it all the nights. Well, she was not at 'ome because she had married him. Absolutely they were married! Her lovers had been told it at the door.

What a moment! Figure to yourself what they have suffered—both! They had worshipped her; they had made sacrifices for her; they had created for her her grand success; and, as a consequence of their song, she was the wife of the "Johnnie in the Stalls"!

Far down the street, but yet distinct, the organ the tune again. My Frenchman shuddered, and got up.

"I cannot bear it," he murmured. "You understand? The associations are too pathetic."

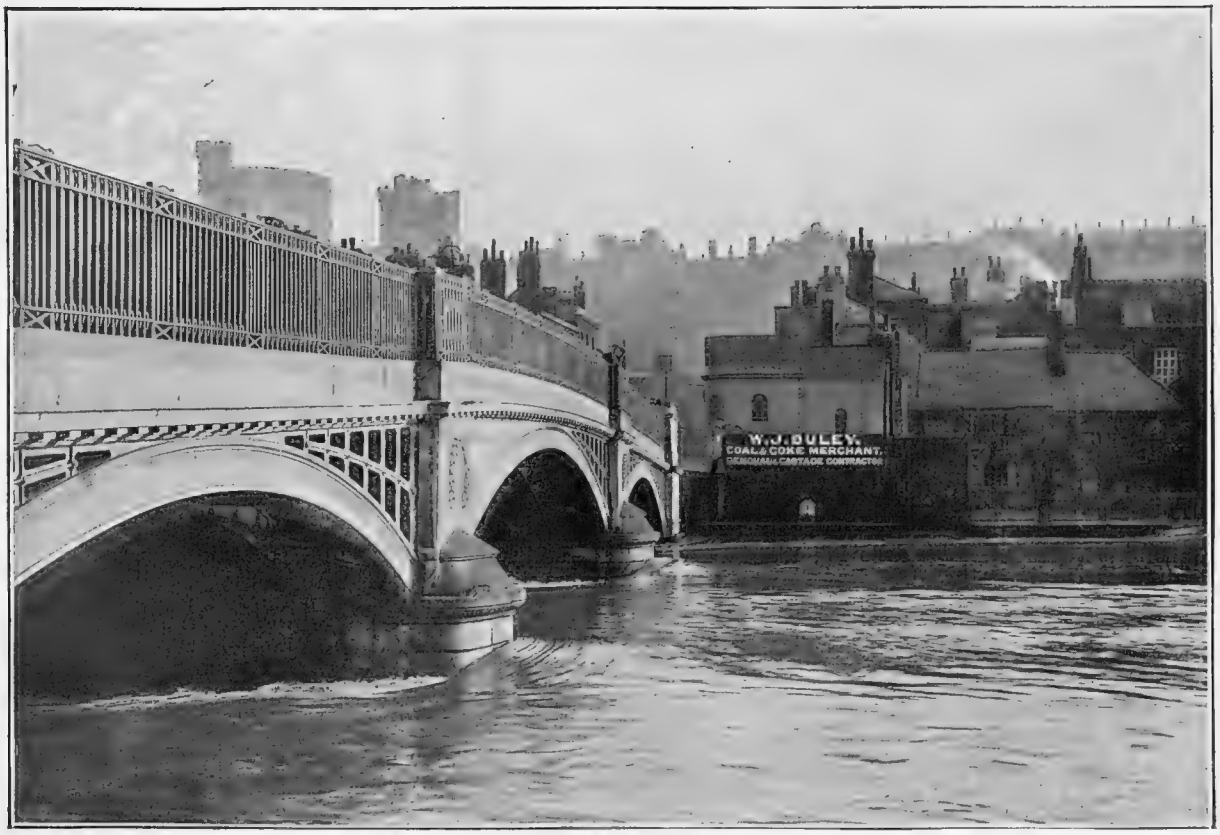
"They must be harrowing," I said. "Before you go, there is one thing I should like to ask you, if I may. Have I had the honour of meeting Monsieur Tricotin or Monsieur Pitou?"

He clapped on his hat, and gazed at me in sad surprise. "Oh, but neither, monsieur," he groaned. "They are much more 'arrowing than that. I was the 'Johnnie in the Stalls'!"

THE THAMES IN TORRENT

"Boats to Let"

Most of them have been chartered for inland service by residents who have been cut off from their homes



Photos by *Haines*

The Swirl of the Waters Past Windsor Bridge

AT WINDSOR AND ETON

The Masters' Houses at Eton are now Pleasantly Situated on the Edge of a Lagoon

Photos by *Haines*

"The Playing Fields of Eton"

More adapted, at the present juncture, for water polo than any other form of sport

Miss Agnes Rea

A young American actress of great ability

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Maudie Darrell

The charming young actress who recently played the name part in *The Girl from Kay's* at the Comedy Theatre

AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE

Glimpses of Life Among the Fur-Traders of the Canadian North-West

Esquimaux of the Far North-West Clad in Winter Costume

These people, who are of great assistance to the hunters and trappers of the region, live in a most rigorous climate, and their lives are, for the most part, passed under the most trying conditions. The photograph we reproduce was taken at midnight, and gives a good idea of the clothing necessary to keep out the intense cold of a temperature which often reaches 40 degrees below zero

A Fur-Trader's Outfit Returning to Civilisation After a Successful Winter

Three of the four boats shown are loaded with furs worth several thousand pounds in all. Most of the men seen in the picture are Indians or half castes

The Interior of a Canadian Fur-Trader's Shanty

The trader (Mr. Colin Frazer, a famous trapper) is seen sorting out his black fox skins, specimens of which, with the distinctive white tip, are seen hanging on the walls. The bales of furs shown in the picture are worth about £7,000

An Evening Scene on Great Slave Lake in Lat. 62, N

A tribe of Dog Rib Indians, who have brought down furs to trade, preparing to encamp for the night

Trader's Post, Resolution, A Centre of the Fur Trading on Great Slave Lake

To this place come the white hunters and trappers and Indians, from a radius of hundreds of miles, to barter furs and skins for the necessaries of life

A Consignment of Stores for Some Distant Station Landed on the Bank from the Flat Bottomed River Boats

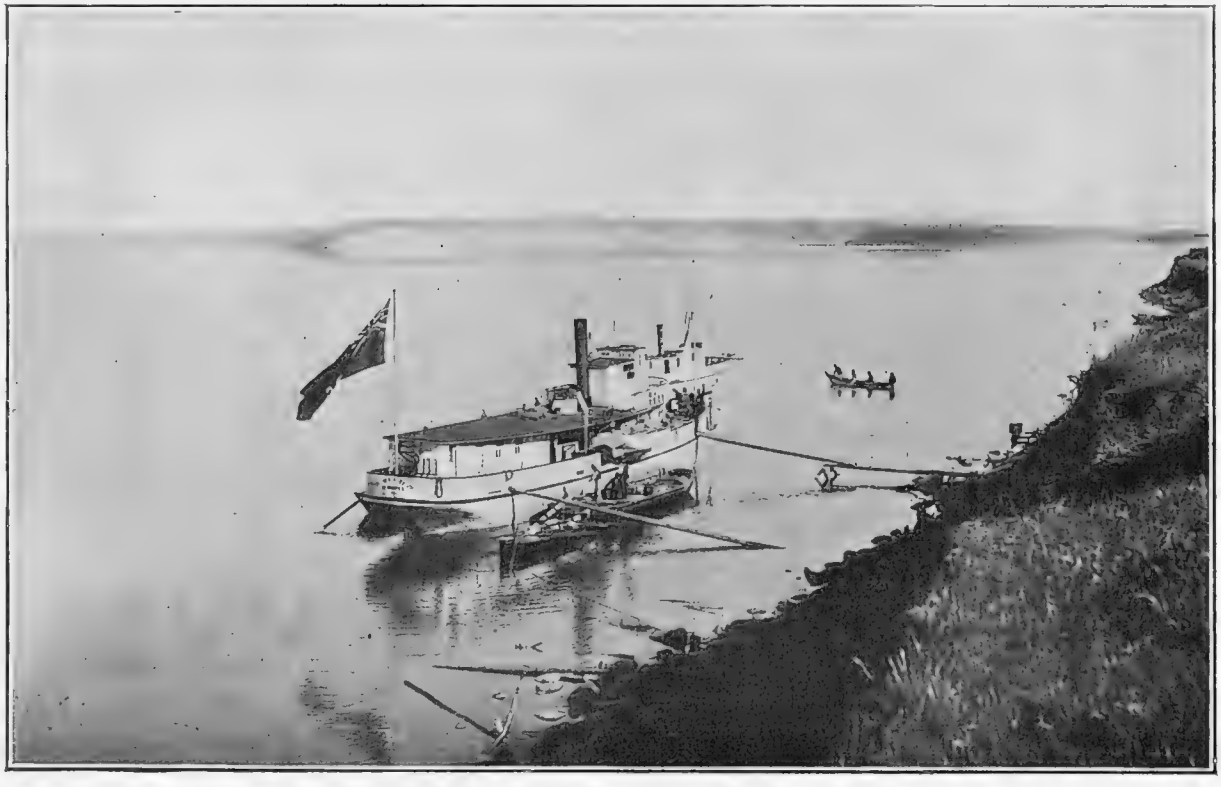
The supplies which are intended for some inland post of the Hudson Bay Company consist principally of bacon, flour, tea, sugar, and canned vegetables and fruits.

"Tracking" on the Athabasca River in North-West Territory

A party of trappers moving down the river with the results of an expedition

"On the Trail"

The overland journey to the river with furs to meet the Hudson Bay Company's steamer shown below. It will be noticed that the transportation is of the most primitive kind being by means of ox-wagons



The Hudson Bay Company's s.s. "Wrigley," flying the British Flag, on the Mackenzie River

By the side is a boat loading a cargo of furs to be taken to the nearest port for shipment to Europe

How I Read Italian

By MARK TWAIN

IT is almost a fortnight now that I am domiciled in a mediæval villa in the country, a mile or two from Florence. I cannot speak the language; I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The "help" are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair, I throw in an Italian word when I have one, and this has a good influence. I get the word out of the morning paper. I have to use it while it is fresh, for I find that Italian words do not keep in this climate. They fade toward night, and next morning they are gone. But it is no matter; I get a new one out of the paper before breakfast, and thrill the domestics with it while it lasts. I have no dictionary, and I do not want one; I can select me words by the sound, or by orthographic aspect. Many of them have a French or German or English look, and these are the ones I enslave for the day's service. That is, as a rule. Not always. If I find a learnable phrase that has an imposing look and warbles musically along I do not care to know the meaning of it; I pay it out to the first applicant, knowing that if I pronounce it carefully *he* will understand it, and that's enough.

Yesterday's word was *avanti*. It sounds Shakespearean, and probably means "Avaunt and quit my sight." To-day I have a whole phrase: *sono dispiacentissimo*. I do not know what it means, but it seems to fit in everywhere and give satisfaction. Although, as a rule, my words and phrases are good for one day and train only, I have several that stay by me all the time, for some unknown reason, and these come very handy when I get into a long conversation and need things to fire up with in monotonous stretches. One of the best ones is *Dov' è il gatto?* It nearly always produces a pleasant surprise, therefore I save it up for places where I want to express applause or admiration. The fourth word has a French sound, and I think the phrase means, "that takes the cake."

During my first week in the deep and dreamy stillness of this woodsy and flowery place I was without news of the outside world, and was well content without it. It had been four weeks since I had seen a newspaper, and this lack seemed to give life a new charm and grace, and to saturate it with a feeling verging upon actual delight. Then came a change that was to be expected: the appetite for news began to rise again, after this invigorating rest. I had to feed it, but I was not willing to let it make me its helpless slave again; I determined to put it on a diet, and a strict and limited one. So I examined an Italian paper, with the idea of feeding it on that, and on that exclusively. On that exclusively, and without the help of a dictionary. In this way I should surely be well protected against overloading and indigestion.

A glance at the telegraphic page filled me with encouragement. There were no scare-heads. That was good—supremely good. But there were headings—one-liners and two-liners—and that was good

They Enlarged the King

(All rights reserved.)

too; for without these, one must do as one does with a German paper — pay out precious time in finding out what an article is about, only to discover, in many cases, that there is nothing in it of interest to you. The headline is a valuable thing.

Necessarily we are all fond of murders, scandals, swindles, robberies, explosions, collisions, and all such things, when we know the people, and when they are neighbours and friends, but when they are strangers we do not get any great pleasure out of them, as a rule. Now the trouble with an American paper is that it has no discrimination; it rakes the whole earth for blood and garbage, and the result is that you are daily overfed and suffer a surfeit. By habit you stow this muck every day, but you come by-and-by to take no vital interest in it—indeed, you almost get tired of it. As a rule, forty-nine-fiftieths of it concerns strangers only—people far away off yonder, a thousand miles, two thousand miles, ten thousand miles from where you are. Why, when you come to think of it, who cares what becomes of those people? I would not give the assassination of one personal friend for a whole massacre of those others. And, to my mind, one relative or neighbour mixed up in a scandal is more interesting than a whole Sodom and Gomorrah of outlanders gone rotten. Give me the home product every time.

I hope Sarebbe has not made a mistake

Very well. I saw at a glance that the Florentine paper would suit me: five out of six of its scandals and tragedies were local; they were adventures of one's neighbours, one might almost say one's friends. In the matter of world news there was not too much, but just about enough. I subscribed. I have had no occasion to regret it. Every morning I get all the news I need for the day; sometimes from the headlines, sometimes from the text. I have never had to call for a dictionary yet. I read the paper with ease. Often I do not quite understand, often some of the details escape me, but no matter, I get the idea. I will cut out a passage or two, then you will see how limpid the language is:

Il ritorno dei Reali d'Italia
Elargizione del Re all'Ospedale italiano

The first line means that the Italian sovereigns are coming back—they have been to England. The second line seems to mean that they enlarged the King at the Italian hospital. With a banquet, I suppose. An English banquet has that effect. Further:

Il ritorno dei Sovrani a Roma

ROMA, 24, ore 22,50. - I Sovrani e le Principessine Reali si attendono a Roma domani alle ore 15,51.

Return of the sovereigns to Rome, you see. Date of the telegram, Rome, 24th, ten minutes before twenty-three o'clock. The telegram seems to say, "The Sovereigns and the Royal Children expect themselves at Rome to-morrow at fifty-one minutes after fifteen o'clock."

I do not know about Italian time, but I judge it begins at midnight and runs through the twenty-four hours without breaking bulk. In the following ad. the theatres open at half past twenty. If these are not matinées, 20.30 must mean 8.30 by my reckoning.

Spettacoli del di 25

TEATRO DELLA PERGOLA — (Ore 20,30) — Opera: *Bohème.*

TEATRO ALFIERI. — Compagnia drammatica Drago — (Ore 20,30) — *La Legge.*

ALHAMBRA — (Ore 20,30) — Spettacolo variato.

SALA EDISON — Grandioso spettacolo Cinematografico: *Quo-Vadis?* — Inaugurazione della Chiesa Russa — In coda al Direttissimo — Vedute di Firenze con gran movimento — America: Trasporto tronchi giganteschi — I ladri in casa del Diavolo — Scene comiche.

CINEMATOGRAFO — Via Brunelleschi n. 4. — Programma straordinario, *Don Chisciotte* — Prezzi popolari.

The whole of that is intelligible to me—and sane and rational, too—except the remark about the Inauguration of a Russian Cheese. That one oversizes my hand. Gimme five cards.

This is a four-page paper, and as it is set in long-primer leaded, and has a page of advertisements, there is no room for the crimes, disasters, and general

sweepings of the outside world—thanks be! To-day I find only a single importation of the off colour sort :

Una principessa
che fugge con un cocchiere

PARIGI, 24. - Il *Matin* ha da Berlino che la principessa Schovenbsre-Waldenbure scomparve il 9 novembre. Sarebbe partita col suo cocchiere.

La Principessa ha 27 anni.

Twenty-seven years old, and scomparve—scampered—on the 9th November. You see by the added detail that she departed with her coachman. I hope Sarebbe has not made a mistake, but I am afraid the chances are that she has. *Sono dispiacentissimo.*

There are several fires ; also a couple of accidents. This is one of them :

Grave disgrazia sul Ponte Vecchio

Stamattina, circa le 7,30, mentre Giuseppe Sciatti, di anni 55, di Casellina e Torri, passava dal Ponte Vecchio, stando seduto sopra un barroccio carico di verdura, perse l' equilibrio e cadde al suolo, rimanendo con la gamba destra sotto una ruota del veicolo.

Lo Sciatti fu subito raccolto da alcuni cittadini, che, per mezzo della pubblica vettura n. 365, lo trasportarono a San Giovanni di Dio.

Ivi il medico di guardia gli riscontrò la frattura della gamba destra e alcune lievi escoriazioni giudicandolo guaribile in 50 giorni salvo complicazioni.

What it seems to say is this :—"Serious Disgrace on the Old Old Bridge. This morning, about 7.30, Mr. Joseph Sciatti, aged 55, of Casellina and Torri, while standing up in a sitting posture on top of a carico barrow of verdure (foliage? hay? vegetables?), lost his equilibrium and fell on himself, arriving with his left leg under one of the wheels of the vehicle.

"Said Sciatti was suddenly harvested (gathered in?) by several citizens, who, by means of public cab No. 365, transported him to St. John of God."

Paragraph No. 3 is a little obscure, but I think it says that the medico set the broken left leg—right enough, since there was nothing the matter with the other one—and that several are encouraged to hope that fifty days will fetch him around in quite giudicandolo-guaribile way, if no complications intervene.

I am sure I hope so myself.

There is a great and peculiar charm in reading news-scraps in a language which you are not acquainted with—the charm which always goes with the mysterious and the uncertain. You can never be absolutely sure of the meaning of anything you read in such circumstances ; you are chasing an alert and gamy riddle all the time, and the baffling turns and dodges of the prey make the life of the hunt. A dictionary would spoil it. Sometimes a single word of doubtful purport will cast a veil of dreamy and golden uncertainty over a whole paragraph of cold and practical certainties, and leave steeped in a haunting and adorable mystery an incident which had been vulgar and common-place but for that benefaction. Would you be wise to draw a dictionary on that gracious word? Would you be properly grateful?

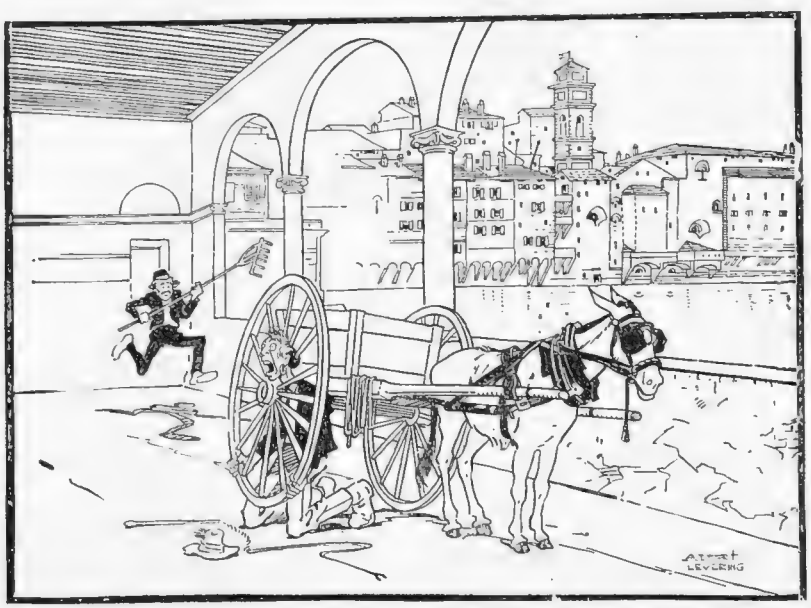
After a couple of days' rest I now come back to my subject and seek a case in point. I find it without trouble, in the morning paper ; a cablegram from Chicago and Indiana by way of Paris. All the words save one are guessable by a person ignorant of Italian :

Revolverate in teatro

PARIGI, 27. - La *Patrie* ha da Chicago: Il guardiano del teatro dell'opera di Wallace (Indiana), avendo voluto espellere uno spettatore che continuava a fumare malgrado il divieto, questo spalleggiato dai suoi amici tirò diversi colpi di rivoltella. Il guardiano rispose. Nacque una scarica generale. Grande panico fra gli spettatori. Nessun ferito.

Translation.—"REVOLVERATION IN THEATRE. *Paris 27th La Patrie* has from Chicago: The cop of the theatre of the opera of Wallace, Indiana, had willed to expel a spectator which continued to smoke, in spite of the prohibition, who, spalleggiato by his friends, tirò (Fr. *tiré*, Anglice *pulled*) manifold revolver-shots. The cop responded. Result, a general scare; great panic among the spectators. Nobody hurt."

It is bettable that that harmless cataclysm in the theatre of the opera of Wallace, Indiana, excited not a person in Europe but me, and so came near to not being worth cabling to Florence by wa of France.

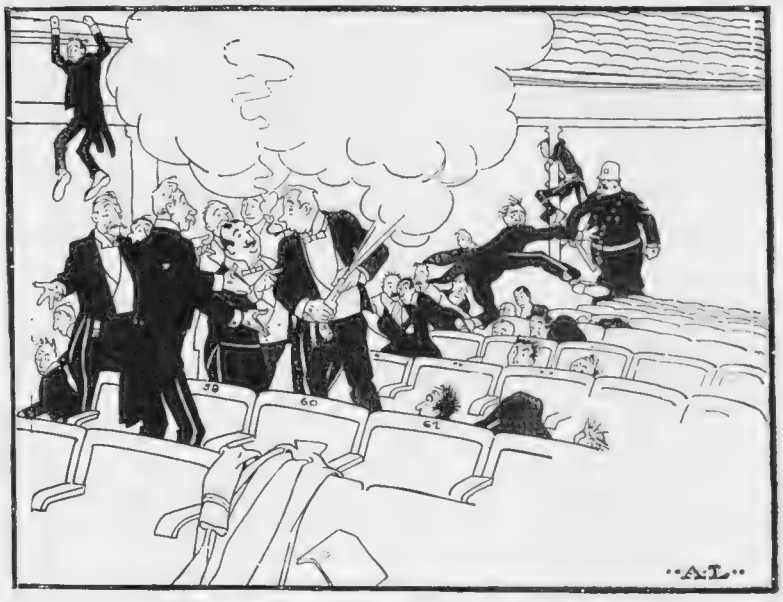


Serious Disgrace on the Old, Old B idge . . . . Said Sciatti was suddenly Harvested.

Sono Dispiacentissimo

But it does excite me. It excites me because I cannot make out, for sure, what it was that moved that spectator to resist the officer. I was gliding along smoothly and without obstruction or accident until I came to that word spalleggiato, then the bottom fell out. You notice what a rich gloom, what a sombre and pervading mystery, that word sheds all over the whole Wallachian tragedy. That is the charm of the thing, that is the delight of it. This is where you begin, this is where you revel. You can guess and guess, and have all the fun you like; you need not be afraid there will be an end to it; none is possible, for no amount of guessing will ever furnish you a meaning for that word that you can be sure is the right one. All the other words give you hints, by their form, their sound, or their spelling; this one doesn't, this one throws out no hints, this one keeps its secret. If there is even the slightest slight shadow of a hint anywhere, it lies in the very meagrely suggestive fact that spalleggiato carries our word "egg" in its stomach. Well, make the most out of it, and then, where are you at? You conjecture that the spectator which was smoking in spite of the prohibition and become reprohibited by the guardians, was "egged on" by his friends, and that it was owing to that evil influence that he initiated the revolveration in theatre that has galloped under the sea, and come crashing through the European press without exciting anybody but me. But are you sure, are you dead sure, that that was the way of it? No. Then the uncertainty remains, the mystery abides, and with it the charm. Guess again.

If I had a phrase-book of a really satisfactory sort, I would study it, and not give all my free time to undictionarial readings, but there is no such work on the market. The existing phrase-books are inadequate. They are well enough as far as they go, but when you fall down and skin your leg they don't tell you what to say.



The Revolveration in Theatre. Result, a General Scare

ON ALL FOURS!

[*Vide* the Illustration in The Bystander of February 3]

I

With the "cake-walk" the rage
In the ball-room this age
Has shown its *refinement*! Just so, sir.
And we're now asked to "*munch*"*
At two sharp, *not* to "*lunch*"!
And yet, still "one better" we go, sir!

II

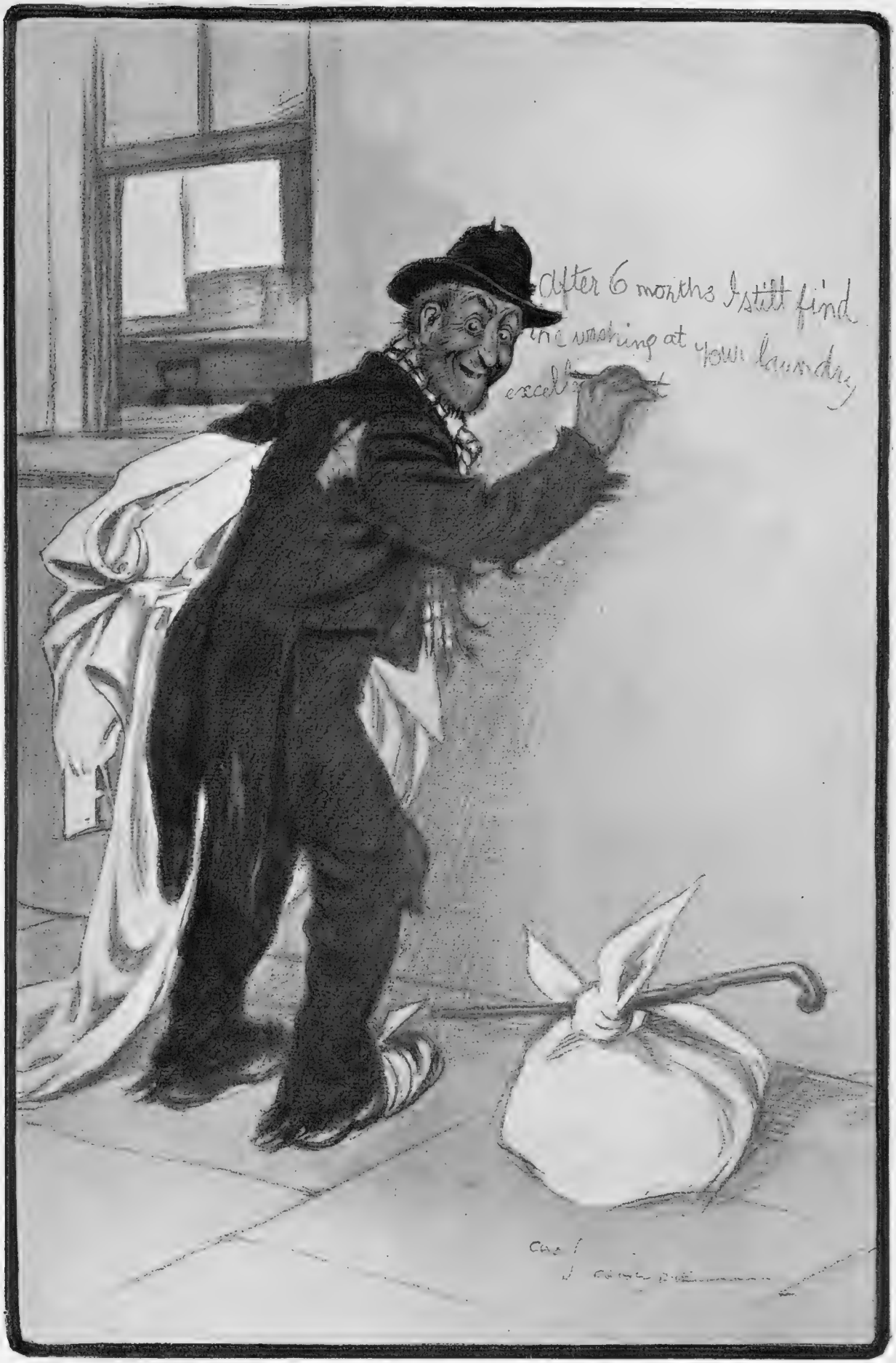
For an "upright walk," soon,
Will be *quite* out of tune!
And "a *crawl*" be the stylish progression
Even lovers shall meet
On their hands and their feet
Whilst Damon pours out his confession!

III

But the girls? Shall each "pet"
Crawl about in the wet?
Just think of their "frillies," Good Heavens!
If we take to All Fours,
Let us do it *Indoors*!
Or we'll *all* be at Sixes and Sevens!!

F. B. Doveton.

* *Munching* parties are the latest craze, where each guest has to take thirty-two bites at his food



Drawn by *Charles S. Crombie*

A Taking Testimonial

BRIDGE

Some of our competitors are asking for more information about rule seven of our competition, or rather about the first sentence of it :

"Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game."

They point out the sad fact that these authorities differ. The chief points on which they want more definite instructions are (1) the original lead in no-trumps; (2) black declarations from the dealer's hand.

With regard to the original lead in no-trumps, they ask whether they are to follow the majority of the authorities and lead always from their longest suit, even if it be only four cards to the 5, or in the event of their having such a very weak long suit, may they follow other authorities and lead a strengthening card.

Well, to discuss the matter, in the first place there is this exception to leading from your longest suit, which always seems to me very sound, set forth by "Hellespont."

If your longest suit should consist of very small cards without an honour, and you hold, at the same time, a second suit of not less than four, containing one or two honours, and composed of higher cards, you should start with the latter.

But, taking it that your longest suit is four cards to the 5, it seems to me that this rule of leading a strengthening card is exceedingly dangerous. I can see no great objection, in such a case, to leading from a three suit, which consists of A., K., and a little one, or of K., Q., J., or even possibly of Q., J., 10, though of this last I am very doubtful, since the dealer may hold five in the suit to A., K., let your queen make, and have his suit established. But, holding any other three suit, as K., and two little ones, Q. and two little ones, J. and two little ones, it is surely much safer to leave that suit alone, since your honour may always act as a stopper, and win a trick. But suppose, for example, that, in preference to beginning from your four suit to the 5, you lead your J., from J. and two little ones, as a strengthening card, your partner has every justification for believing that you led from A., J., 10., K., J., 10, and another, or others, or from J., 10., 9., etc., and, acting on that belief, for returning the K. or Q., if he holds either, when he gets in; whereas, if it had been left to your opponent to lead that suit, either the J., or K., or Q. must make. The only safe strengthening card to lead is the 9, and there is not much strength to it, because the 9 is only led as top of a short suit.

The second vexed question, that of black declarations from the dealer's hand, is a harder one, and on it the authorities differ with a vengeance. The sound rule seems to me to be that you should never, as dealer, make an *offensive* declaration of clubs or spades from your own hand, unless you are practically certain of making game by it, and that is the practice of the majority of good players all over the world. I even think that there is a great deal to be said for the American repugnance to making a moderate diamond call at "love-all."

The question of a defensive spade declaration is more open, especially as to the degree of weakness on which you ought to call it.

First of all, there are those who write that you should never call it at all. They urge that the declaration reveals your weakness to your opponents, enables them to double, and, what is more, to make every finesse against your hand. This is true enough; but even so you will probably escape more lightly than if your partner had given you a moderate no-trumper or red suit call, and you could give him no support at all. Also, they urge that you deprive your partner of the opportunity of declaring no trumps with four aces in his hand, a misfortune, indeed, which has once befallen me, or of making a strong red suit declaration with four honours in it. Even so, it is wiser and safer to make it, because it is only a probability, and a very improbable probability that he will be strong enough without any help at all from you to make seven tricks.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM VII.

Tricks	C	B	D	A
1	♠ 5	♠ 2	♠ K	♠ A
2	♠ 4	♠ 10	♠ 3	♠ 8
3	♥ 7	♥ 10	♥ K	♥ A
4	♣ 2	♥ 8	♥ 6	♥ 2
5	♣ 7	♣ Q	♣ K	♥ 4
6	♠ 6	♦ Q	♢ 7	♠ Q
7	♠ 7	♦ K	♣ 3	♠ J
8	♦ 2	♥ 3	♦ 10	♦ 3
9	♣ 9	♣ J	♣ A	♥ 5
10	♦ 6	♥ 9	♦ J	♦ 4
11	♠ 9	♣ 10	♣ 5	♦ 5
12				♥ Q
13				♥ J

After winning trick three, A can see the little slam upon the table, and at once tries for the big slam, by putting the lead into dummy and leading clubs on the chance of catching A. K., and making the ten good, that he may discard his third diamond on it. D is bound to put his Cl. K. on the queen; if he holds up his ace, and does not put it on the knave, A lets the knave run, discarding his third diamond on it, and it wins the trick

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE OF £25

And Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each for Playing Out a Rubber

The First Prize of £25 in cash will be given for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of the rubber. There will be, moreover, ten Consolation Prizes of one guinea each, for the next best solutions.

In our next issue we shall give the eighth and last hand of the rubber; after it competitors will be required to send in all their coupons and solutions by the following Tuesday, March 1, pinning to the last coupon the complete score of the rubber as well as the solution. The names and addresses of the winners will be published.

Competitors should read the rules very carefully.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and, on the closing date announced, enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

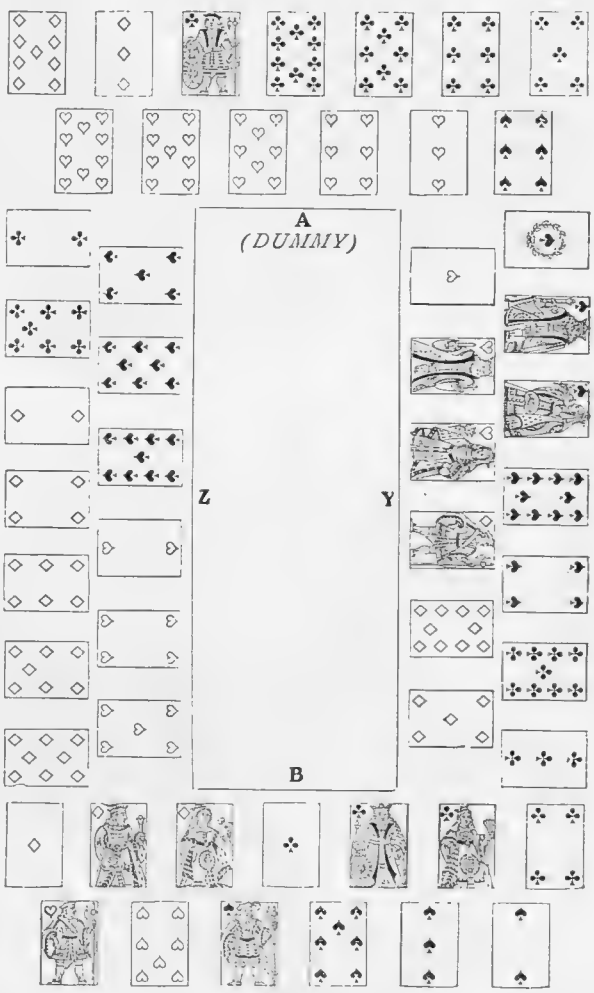
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON VII.

HAND VII.



B deals.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6. Competitors may join any week by obtaining back numbers of "The Bystander."

By Field, Stream & Covert.

NOTE.—*Previous numbers of "The Bystander" have contained accounts, fully illustrated, of the following hunts:—No. 1, Lord Zetland's Hunt and the Warwickshire Hunt. No. 2, the Bramham Moor. No. 3, the Hertfordshire. No. 4, the Bicester. No. 5, the Belvoir. No. 6, the Quorn. No. 7, The New Forest Foxhounds and Deerhounds. No. 8, the Puckeridge. No. 9, the Garth. No. 10, the Duke of Beaufort's.*

Hunting

The O.B H. East

Though in more than one hunting country within hail of the Metropolis anxiety prevails as to the future, in the Eastern portion of the Old Berkeley Hunt there would seem to be little ground for solicitude. The extension of bricks and mortar in the near vicinity of the lines of railway can scarcely be expected to abate, yet within the boundaries of the Hunt there still remain large tracts of wild country, which are productive of much good sport, while the unanimous support which the cause of fox-hunting receives at the hands of the landowners and occupiers might well be envied in quarters where the incursions of the suburban builder are the least dreaded of evils. It is true that, within the last few years, it has been deemed advisable to relinquish some of the fixtures from which a dash over the grass country round Harrow was to be expected, nor is it any longer possible to enjoy a good morning's cub-hunting within ten miles of Hyde Park Corner Still, there is plenty of room left for two days a week, while between the Kennels at Chorleywood and Ashlyns Hall one might fancy oneself to be in the remotest of counties rather than within easy reach of favourite residential centres.

An Intricate History

In attempting to unravel the somewhat tangled skein of events from the inception of the Berkeley Hunt, in 1762, to the surviving offshoot now under discussion, it should be explained that for exactly a century the whole country between Berkeley Castle and Charing Cross remained, in theory, if not in practice, under the feudal domination. Before 1862, however, the V. W. H. and Old Berkshire Hunts had been established, the last master who essayed to carry on operations from various kennels

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Webber of the Old Berkeley Hunt (East)

Mr. Webber has been Master of this well-known Hunt since 1891

The Old Berkeley Hunt Foxhounds on the way to a Meet

Lord Clarendon, as an old friend of the Berkeley, makes Tender Inquiries concerning the Hounds

The Huntsman and Pack of the Old Berkeley at Ashlyns Hall

being Mr. Harvey Coombe, who hunted an enormous area in 1824 and after. Lord Lonsdale was the founder of the O. B. H. as a separate pack for the Watford and Tring district, though his earlier efforts were directed to the pursuit of bagged foxes. Lord Malden was next in succession, and consolidated the Hunt on a basis that lasted till 1881, when the existing East and West divisions were constituted, the latter being hunted by Mr. Austin Mackenzie for four seasons prior to his departure for the Woodland Pytchley country. Meanwhile, Mr. A. H. Longman was hunting the Eastern portion, and on his retirement, in 1885, Mr. Harding Cox came forward to rule over the whole territory for three seasons, during which period a first-rate pack of hounds occupied the Chorleywood benches, including the Blankney dog-hounds, purchased from Mr. Chaplin.

Taking the Field with the Berkeley Hunt; Moving Off for the First Draw at Ashlyns Wood

Later Details

In 1888 the difficulty of covering the whole district from High Wycombe to St. Albans under modern conditions reasserted itself, and Captain T. H. Tyrwhitt-Drake became Master of the Western pack, while Mr. Harding Cox retained the reins of office in the Eastern division. Next came a committee, of which Lord Clarendon, always a firm friend of the Hunt, was an active member, though Mr. R. B. Webber was also associated with it. In 1891 the latter assumed sole command, carrying the horn himself, and though for some seasons past Mr Webber has elected to delegate the duties of hunting the hounds to professional hands, his unflagging energy, both in the field and in other not less important directions, and his great personal popularity have largely contributed to the satisfactory position of the Hunt at the present day. Will Rees, the huntsman, is only in his second season, though he whipped-in for two years previous to his promotion, so that he had a knowledge of the country to aid him in making a successful *début* in handling hounds, while his past experiences include service at Badminton and with the Grafton. The fixtures of the O. B. H. (East) are almost invariably well attended, and when hounds run there is always a large proportion of ladies in the front rank. It should be added that the hunt-servants have always been clothed in yellow coats, a habit which has recently been revived at Berkeley Castle.

L. J. B

Members of the Old Berkeley Hunt in Mr. Cooper's Coverts

On the Chesham Road: Following the Hounds to the Meet on a Fine Sunshiny Morning

The Sale of the late Sir Blundell Maple's Shire Horses at Childwick

Showing the Horses in the Paddock before the Sale

"Dunsmore Gloaming," which was Sold to the Hon. Louis Greville for 300 guineas; the Total Sales of this Famous Stable realised £7,300

Sale of Childwick Shire Horses

The reputation of the stud of Shire horses established at Childwick some six or seven years ago by the late Sir J. Blundell Maple accounted for the immense attendance at the unreserved sale of all but a few mares retained for work on the farm, and several yearling and two-year-old fillies and colts. The latter are to be sold in the autumn, when no doubt other stock on the model farm in which the late owner took so great a pride, will also come under the hammer. Fifty lots were included in the recent sale, a capital average being obtained, brood mares heading the list at £206, that well-known show animal, Queen of the Shires, reaching top price, 460 guineas. The Hon. L. Greville was her purchaser. She is entered at the forthcoming London show; last year she won four championships, in addition to the challenge trophy at Tring, where competition is usually so keen. Mr. Greville also paid 300 guineas for Dunsmore Gloaming, a weighty, roomy bay in the same group, and, later, he secured some very promising young stock. The King's agent bought Pilot's Hope, one of the very choice draft of four-year-old mares included, and Childwick Youno, considered, by many good judges to be the pick of the sale, went to strengthen the Norbury Park Stud, Mr. Leopold Salomons paying 420 guineas for her. Mr. W. R. Hudson, the Messrs. Thompson, Lord Rothschild, Lord Hothfield, Sir Thos. Gooch, and other noted breeders and exhibitors of shire horses, were also among the purchasers, the aggregate result of the sale being over £7,300.

Fearless Footsteps, 1900 and 1901

Farndon Ferry, 1902

Father Flint, 1903

SOME RECENT WATERLOO CUP WINNERS

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Tom Morris's Memoirs

I have heard that dear old "Tom," the finest gentleman who ever handled a golf club, is dictating his reminiscences to two able writers on the game. If this be true, as I sincerely hope it may be, we have a great treat in store for us. "Tom" is a veritable living link with the past, and I do not doubt that we shall get valuable evidence from him as to the sweeping changes that have taken place in the status of professional players and caddies since those old days when he used to play his famous matches with Alan Robertson against the Dunns, and when he won the championship so many times.

The Veteran, Tom Morris, who is Reported to be Preparing his Reminiscences

The Disappearance of the Red Coat

I see that Mr. Bramston has been commenting, in the pages of a contemporary, on the disappearance of the red coat, and gives, as a reason for this, that golfers no longer care to carry about with them a sort of trade-mark, specifying the form of amusement they are indulging in. Mr. Bramston, lucky fellow, cannot carry his golfing experiences as far back as I can. When I first played at St. Andrews we younger players looked with considerable awe and respect on any player attired in the orthodox garment. He was sure to be a member of some standing in the club, and more often than not, also a pretty good player. It would then have been considered somewhat presumptuous for a young player, who had not yet won his golfing spurs, to put on a red coat, though at Cambridge, far away from the sacred headquarters, most of us indulged in the picturesque jacket.

A Dandy Golf Coat

I remember my Cambridge tailor, who knew nothing of golf, made me a magnificent coat, which for smartness of cut left nothing to be desired, but which, unfortunately, had all the faults of tightness round the chest and under the arms most abhorred by players. In this infernal garment, however, I had to play against Oxford, wearing a lovely dark blue cap with a pair of light blue golf-clubs embroidered on the peak, truly a fearful and wonderful object to contemplate. As time went on, and the younger players came to the front, the red-jacket theory underwent a complete revolution. Gradually, through being worn by the older players, who began to be looked down on as exponents of the game by the younger school, it came to be regarded as the mark of exalted dufferdom, and so finally it fell into "innocuous desuetude," to use the delightful phrase employed by an American President in a message to Congress. The jacket still has a certain vitality imparted to it by the regulation enforcing the wearing of it by players on Wimbledon Common, but I do not remember any competitor in the Amateur Championship ever wearing such a garment in my experience. It is a pity that it has fallen on evil days, for a seaside course, dotted over with players in red jackets, makes a very pretty picture. Fashion is a fickle goddess, and possibly she may, before long, decree a revival of this picturesque item in a golfer's outfit.

Lord Dudley, Mr. Graham Murray, Mr. Guy Pym

Lord Dudley yields to none in his love of golf. In spite of natural disabilities he has developed a very fair game. He has done a great deal to foster the game, and it will be fresh in the

recollection of most people that last Easter he entertained quite a bevy of the best professional and amateur golfers at the Vice-regal Lodge, and was thus instrumental in bringing about a series of most interesting matches.

In our illustration Mr. Graham Murray, who is watching Lord Dudley drive, is an old captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, during whose term of office the difficulties between the Town and the Club anent the new course were happily adjusted. He is a very steady player, and is the happy father of a son, Mr. "Ronnie" Murray, who bids fair to take front rank in the golfing world.

Mr. Guy Pym, M.P. for Bedford, is an Enthusiast

Golfing Days of Yore

I should not like to say how many years have passed since I first had the pleasure of playing with Mr. Guy Pym at St. Andrews. It was long before the days of short-faced clubs, and even "agrippa" balls, when Parliamentary golf was an unknown quantity, and golf courses in the South were few and far between; but the graceful style which made him an excellent player then has enabled him to retain his powers in spite of the lapse of years. He is generally to the fore in the Parliamentary tournament, and always renders a good account of himself in any team matches that the House of Commons undertakes. I trust that his seat in the House is more secure than his left foot in the illustration. Perhaps he is unconsciously trying, by a kick, to help the ball over a bunker, but I cannot recommend the stance as an instance of a good finish.

The Inter-'Varsity Match

It is reported that the 'Varsity Golf Match is to take place this year on Woking links. All Londoners will welcome this change, as Woking is so much more "get-at-able" than Sandwich. The Woking course is one of the best near London, and affords a very fine test of golf. Wimbledon was the scene, for many years, of this match; then came Sandwich, and now let us hope that Woking may remain, for the future, the field of battle. It will be more convenient of access for the players themselves, and will enable many more of the old hands than formerly to have a look at the "young 'uns." ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by *Dixon*

The Earl of Dudley, The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Driving

Photo by *Dixon*

Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., on the Deal Links

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Airships

Ever since the days of Phæton and Phœbus mankind has been diligently endeavouring to soar into the empyrean, and, according to the latest accounts, the aerial flightists are at it again, doubtlessly encouraged to renewed efforts by the prizes of £30,000 offered for competition at the forthcoming St. Louis Exhibition. In order to handle this comfortable little sum it is merely necessary to get round a three-cornered course of about fifteen miles, the points of which will be marked by captive balloons. From North Carolina comes the fleeting paragraph that two brothers Wright have solved the problem of the aeroplane, by one of them pushing the other, when seated in the machine, from the summit of an eminence bearing the sinister name of Kill Devil Hill *(absit omen)* with complete success. Although greatly interested in the airship and its owner, all we can do at present is to "stand from under" when we see him coming along, and object to his marrying into our family. Otherwise, we wish him well.

Cars and Watches Compared

I have come to the conclusion that a motor-car is cousin german to a watch. A man wants to catch his train, and so buys a timepiece, and if he is a spendthrift, or, perchance, some sort of "Jubilee Juggins," he pays 200 guineas for it, because it shows phases of the moon, time of high water, has valves with variable lift, and keeps perfect time. He is also proprietor, naturally of a car costing 2,000 guineas jewelled in ten holes, proceeding at great velocity. Both watch and car can only be repaired by specialists, at grievous expense, but this man always knows what o'clock it is. Another gets a gold hunter for £20, and is associated with a two-cylinder 12 h.p. Tonneau as well. The train never leaves *him* behind either. Then there is the man with the £5 silver lever and the £175 voiturette, *never* more than half a minute out all the year round with *his* trusty "ticker"; so he gets up to business at the proper hour, and if either the watch or the

Photo by *Guigoni and Bossi*

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy in their Motor-car

Both King Victor and Queen Elena are very fond of motoring, and often travel long distances in their touring car quite unattended

voiturette go wrong, hundreds are competent to put them right again. These men buy watches according to their means, but they all *go*. Why cannot people so comfortably and sensibly regard motor-cars? Why buy a complicated article when a cheap sound watch answers every purpose, except one is simply overburdened with money?

Of Carburettors in General

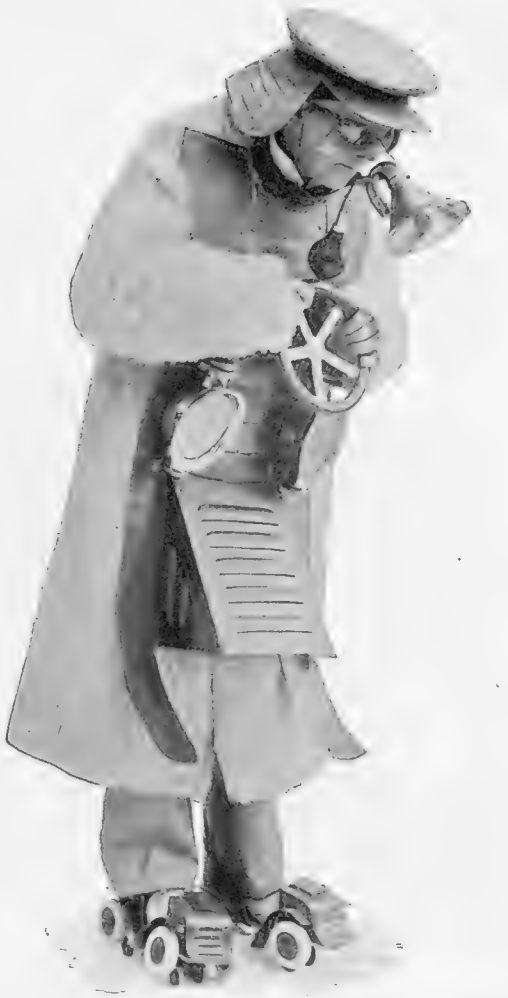
Not so long ago, when the price of petrol was going up by leaps and bounds, the thoughts of many turned towards alcohol, and comparative trials were therefore held in France last July in order to obtain some reliable data; and, as a result, it was found that, with pure alcohol, to obtain the same output from the engine per hour, the consumption of this spirit was almost double that of petrol. Fortunately, however, the price of alcohol in France is not so much greater than petrol, as might be imagined, and, as a result, the fear of competition by the one keeps down the price of the other. The carburettors tested were the "Dürr," the "Retz," the "Sthenos," and Delieuvin-Eveno.

Paraffin as Fuel

For these tests, the Gillet-Forest single-cylinder horizontal engine was used, and the results were somewhat suprising, as in one case more power was developed with paraffin than with petrol. The "Dürr" took a special prize for running satisfactorily with paraffin, petrol, and alcohol, without alteration; the "Sthenos" was the simplest, and was extremely efficient, though, owing to its being insufficiently heated, combustion was not so perfect, and so plug terminals had a tendency to foul with soot. But, if a high temperature is maintained during carburisation, as in the Delieuvin-Eveno carburettor, *no* smell is noticeable from the exhaust. It is generally anticipated that alcohol and paraffin will be the two great rivals in the future.

Sthenos

Any person who may be dissatisfied with his present carburettor would be well advised to try the Sthenos, an article which, though Belgian in its origin, can be highly recommended after two years of personal observation. Owing to the shape of the tube which surrounds the spray nozzle, the suction over it is much greater than in the ordinary types, and, as a result, the spray is very finely atomised and diffused, so much so that the usual cone or baffle plate for breaking up the stream of gas is here dispensed with, and the vapour, therefore, rushes in an uninterrupted stream to the inlet valve. Except the float itself, the spindle of which grinds its own seat at the inlet of petro, there is no moving part whatever, and, when once adjusted by a small thumbscrew, it requires to be severely left alone. As advertised, it will burn alcohol, or paraffin, and one can do so if one does not mind a little unpopularity, which is, after all, a small matter to the scientific mind. Any attempt to vaporise and burn paraffin in an internal combustion engine, as at present fitted in England, very promptly clears the road of all and sundry, the resultant perfume being by no means



Copyright Photo *Bartholomew Publishing Co*

The Motor Maniac

A clever fancy costume worn in the carnival scene of *The Orchid*

refreshing, except in the case of the Roots motor, which is specially constructed for the purpose. However, it is an advantage to have a carburettor which, on an emergency, *will* bring you home by paraffin, instead of returning by train (or staying where you are).

Essentials for Using Paraffin

The carburettor must be fitted quite near the cylinder, and be heated either by the exhaust or by a separate burner. The combustion must be perfect, as it is in the burner of an ordinary lamp, or masses of soot will soon be deposited; and it is also to be noticed that, as in other motor-car matters, the engine ran with most economy and the greatest regularity with the simplest type of carburettor employed in the trials above alluded to.

"Autocars of 1904"

Our well-known and important contemporary, the *Autocar*, has published a most exhaustive and truly illuminating list, which includes exact particulars as to the horse-power, diameter of cylinders, revolutions, gear, weight, and price of all modern motor-cars, in its issue of the 6th instant. It would be difficult to conceive a more useful *vade mecum* for any prospective purchaser at the Shows, and the aspirant to ownership should arm himself with a copy before it is out of print. C. G. Matson.

BOAT RACE COACHING AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

Mr. Escombe Training S. M. Bruce (Trinity Hall) Cambridge, by means of a Mirror and a Stationary Boat

Photos by *Dixon*

Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, the Celebrated Oxford Coach, Giving Instructions in the Proper Handling of an Oar

With the Long Bow

By G. K. CHESTERTON

I should like to found a society for the encouragement of romance; not that it requires any encouragement, but I notice that societies are generally founded to assist things that require no assistance. For instance, the most splendid and successful societies in the world are the religious; and they exist to encourage the gods who are immortal.

I should like the society to be called "The Society of the Long Bow." Firstly, this would signify the splendid mediæval legend of England. It would mean that green heart of England which still remains, cast away, or hidden somewhere, by the brutal carelessness of the half-witted giants of commerce and cosmopolitan power, the thieves of land and sea. It would mean the green wood; it would mean Robin Hood; it would mean Agincourt; it would mean Shakespeare. It would mean that little island, the most neglected of all small nationalities—that poor, oppressed England, ground down by its insolent neighbours, forced, tyrannically, to cheer a Scotch Prime Minister and an Irish Commander-in-Chief, but still, in its dim and ancient heart, the dream of independence. Some day we English shall arise and, tearing down the boughs of Battersea Park and the stalwart branches of Royal Oak and Gospel Oak, shall make ourselves bills and drive out the invaders, roaring the song of "Chevy Chase" and Drayton's ballad of Agincourt.

This would be the first purpose of the Society of the Long Bow: to revive the old romance of the English bowmen. The second object would be to encourage romance in general; to encourage that noble exaggeration which brings out the higher truth; that extra touch of fiction which reveals the soul of fact. In this connection the word "long bow" would also be symbolic. The members of the society should thus have two functions, both strictly mediæval—first, the shooting of arrows, and, secondly, the telling of tales. Both would be redolent of romance, the quality which we most need to save us from falsehood.

It is true that romance sometimes becomes a bore. It is true that it often appears banal and imitative and conventional. But why does romance become a bore? Because it is so ridiculously true to life. It is so much a repetition of the obvious facts of life that we grow impatient with it, as we should with a man who continually announced the greenness of grass or that sad historical event (still kept in its first fresh sadness by a nation's phraseology), that event which led to the accession of George the First. The realists tell us that poetical sentiment palls on us because it is so unlike reality. Folly! Suppose I was to enter your drawing-room and offer to recite a poem I had just written on the subject of "Spring." Coughing slightly, I should begin:

All Nature wakes from out her . . .

With a scream you and your friends would surge madly out of the room; some would leave the house by the windows, some by the fire-escape. The weak and the old would be trampled by that cruelty of fear. But why would you all wish so much to escape from my little poem on "Spring," which, I may tell you, runs as follows:

All Nature wakes from out her . . .

But perhaps you would rather not hear it, after all. Why, I say, would you consider a poem on "Spring" a silly, moonshiny, romantic affair? Is it because Spring is a poet's dream? Is it because Nature does not wake from her sleep, etc.? Not at all. It is because it is so true. That fine simile of "awakening," which I have ventured to apply to Nature in this connection, bores you because it is a vital and living fact.

Your boots and neckties are bought in connection with Spring; your goings and comings have reference to Spring; your health has a lot to do with Spring; your engagements depend on Spring; your business is revolutionised by Spring. Your thoughts throughout the winter perpetually turn towards Spring; your plans and promises revolve round and round Spring. Therefore you say it is a silly, romantic, sentimental matter. Therefore you object to hearing a poem about it. Therefore you treated with such contumely my little gem, which goes:

All Nature wakes from out her . . .

But perhaps there is scarcely space for it. It is sufficiently obvious, surely, that people object to these romantic things because they are mere repetitions of real life. If I really wrote something which was unreal and far from experience, if I really wrote of some passion that men did not feel, or, at least, did not commonly feel (such, let us say, as a worship of yellow wheel-barrows), you would not think it romantic at all. If I wrote verses called "On the Fascination of the Snail," or "Emotions Aroused by the Distant View of Westbourne Park Station," you would call me not sentimental, but fantastic and flippant. For these are really wild, weird, moonshiny, incommunicable emotions. When men feel them (and how often have I felt them!), when a man feels them, I say, he feels strangely lonely. In order to be accused of romanticism it is necessary to talk about something that happens as regularly as breakfast.

So the modern world, sickened by the glaring realism of Spenser and Shelley, weary of Tennyson and Rossetti perpetually insisting on the sam: bald facts of existence—on youth, on love, on Spring, on woman, on liberty, on the sunrise, on the child—on all the things that we know really to be present and powerful, has sighed for some sweet unreal world where things were not always actual, vivid, where things were sometimes divinely unnatural, beautifully incredible, where the lemon tree grew white roses, where the sun rose in the west. And this beautiful impossible land, this refuge of a lovely unreality, it has been found in the modern realistic novel.

INTER-HOSPITAL HOCKEY CUP AT RICHMOND

St. Thomas's, Two Goals Middlesex, One Goal

St. Thomas's Getting Away with the Ball

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Middlesex Fail to Stop a Smart Pass

LADIES' HOCKEY: THE SOUTHERN v. WESTERN COUNTIES AT RICHMOND

A Bully in Front of the Western Goal

The Western Ladies get the Ball away from their Circle

In this match the Western Counties were quite out-classed, being defeated by five goals to nil

FIRST ROUND OF THE ENGLISH CUP

Middlesbrough, 2 goals; Milwall, 0
Waiting for a centre after a run by Milwall

Woolwich Arsenal, 1 goal; Fulham, 0
A throw-in by Fulham

The Competitors are Shown Going Round the Course the First Time

A. Aldridge (Highgate Harriers) won in 49 min. 24 4-5th secs. over a 7½ mile course, the going being exceedingly heavy

NORTH OF THE THAMES (CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP) AT WEMBLEY

Photo by *Nops*

The pitch is formed by planking up the well of the swimming bath. A novel feature is that when the stumps are hit by the ball, an electric bell rings. Ten minutes constitutes an innings, and so great a player as C. B. Fry, who has spent an hour at the wickets here, spoke in warm terms of the way the idea of winter cricket had been carried out

CRICKET UNDER COVER AT ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE, THE MEMBERS OF WHICH BELONG MOSTLY TO THE PRINTING AND ALLIED TRADES

"For Electioneering Purposes"

Eggs suddenly reappeared the other day in Mid-Herts as a feature of the exciting political contest in that division. Mr. Bamford Slack was pelted with eggs and mud, and appeared before his meeting in an indescribable state. The Government candidate, Mr. Vicary Gibbs, handsomely apologised for the conduct of his supporters next day. The following lines from the *Melbourne Argus*, to hand by a recent Australian mail, are appropriate, for they celebrate a similar reappearance of the egg as a political argument in the State of Victoria:

When a candidate's endeav'ring to elucidate his views,
In nicely-chosen language, such as classic authors use.
Make no attempt to hear him, while your interest he begs,
But meet his specious pleadings with some nicely ripened eggs.
Eggs! Eggs! Cabbages and eggs!

There's no argument so strong as an egg laid over-long;
You can smother any rhetoric in which a speaker begs,
With some long-neglected, age-affected, well-directed eggs.

A Socialist is powerless against the splashing yolk;
No Liberal was ever born who recognised the joke;
The staunchest of Conservatives is forced to use his legs
When you decorate his clothing with a paste of broken eggs.
Eggs! Eggs! Cabbages and eggs!

If he's had 'em once before, he will never ask for more.
Oh, anoint him well and carefully on face and arms and legs
With scent-bequeathing, incense-wreathing, perfume-breathing eggs.

With the logic of the henroost there is none that can contend—
The passion of a Pericles in vain the air would rend;
Of rank humiliation he'd be forced to drink the dregs
Were his oratory greeted with a fusillade of eggs.
Eggs! Eggs! Cabbages and eggs!

The balm of life is fled from the fragrance that they shed;
There's little else suggested but corruption and its dregs
In these nose-affraying, long-decaying, death-conveying eggs.

Rain's Victor

A national preserver has arisen, and the tyranny of rain is past. A Greenwich gentleman has discovered a solution which, by one hasty application, will make clothes proof against rain for thirty hours or so. To a reporter he said:

My solution will make fun of rain. For example, you will be able to walk in a deluge, wearing a dress suit, a silk hat, and patent shoes, without getting wet. It will only be necessary to dip the clothes-brush in the liquid and run it lightly all over you before leaving the house.

Probably I am blazoning my own denseness when I say I fail to see the "fun." I imagine the clothes-brush is not going to stop rain pouring down our necks, between our shirt and waistcoat, or into our patent shoes. No, the rain will "make fun" of the solution—and its user. The Greenwich gentleman must try again!

And Its Victims

Meanwhile, the rain is at liberty to enjoy its supremacy, and river-side dwellers have anxiously watched the daily rising of the water. It is a bad moment when the flood is only a few inches from one's door; and only Eton boys relish the sensation. Here the anxiety is, in many cases, not for the water's retreat. At one moment the school was held in readiness to break up, and one may picture the very young Etonian's frenzied sighs for rain, his gloating scorn of Harrow on her hill! But he has not got his *exeat*; though many who did not want the flood have got it. River existence has its charms, but not in February.

The Newest Realism

The incurable dulness of the average modern comedy is compensated by the humours of the melodrama. Everyone must remember the roars of delight caused by a recent West End production that hinged upon a wicked woman. But for the pure exhilaration of excitement commend me to the Yankee. The West End will soon have a chance of seeing a "sensation" scene that is drawing sympathetic plaudits from suburban playgoers: doubtless it will provoke the same emotion in West Enders! One is shown the hero acting in the screen-scene from *The School for Scandal*. Suddenly the villainess appears in a box of the actual theatre. She jeers the hero. He comes to the footlights and appeals to the audience; whereupon she produces a revolver and shoots him, amidst tumultuous cheers from the audience, which thus forgets its part; it should be thunderstruck. If our dramatists are to bring the audience into their plays: they should rehearse the part. But the whole idea savours of America. If drama is (thus literally) to be carried across the footlights, the only way for a spectator to get the full force of the illusion would be to look down on the whole theatre, suspended, maybe, from the chandelier!

Sport's Injudicious Friends

Since the Olympia contest the wrestling "boom" seems rather to have lulled, though most music-halls still boast the "World's Champion" in some branch or other of the sport upon their programmes. It is doubtful whether such crazes do any service to a sport or pastime. This is the kind of thing that encourages the anti-sport enthusiasts, and spurs Kipling to such unpopular excursions as "The Islanders." CUBBITE.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

From Stereographs (Copyright) *Underwood and Underwood*

Photograph Showing the Harbour of Port Arthur, with part of the Russian Fleet, which has since been Seriously Crippled in the Night Attack on Port Arthur

Cruiser *Diana* (the cruiser with three funnels), damaged by Japanese torpedoes

Cruiser *Variag* (sunk off Chemulpo)

Battleship *Tsarevitch*, torpedoed and very seriously damaged

A Russian Frontier Guard on the Manchuria Railway where it Enters Liaoyang Peninsula, on the way to Dalny and Port Arthur

Every culvert and bridge on the Manchuria Railway is guarded, and before long these posts will be hotly engaged in warding off Japanese attacks on the line of communications

The Connoisseur

A Gift to Rubens

It is supposed that the Rubens cabinet, of which we give an illustration this week, is contemporary with the latter part of that master's career and that it was prepared by his pupils, among whom was Vandyke, as a gift to the great painter. The insides of the doors give admirable copies, in miniature, of the two well-known pictures of Rubens, "The finding of Moses" and the "Judgment of Paris." The fronts of the doors and drawers of the cabinet are decorated with designs of cupids painted with excellent spirit by the pupils. The middle door encloses a recess, modelled on the lines of a classic temple, and decorated with an interesting picture of a saint. The structural design of the cabinet is on the well-known lines of the period, with an open stand of semi-classical proportions. The wood throughout is ebony, but the panelled doors are inlaid with tortoiseshell. This piece, which is of unusual distinction is now to be seen in the antique galleries of Messrs. Warings', who have an uncommonly interesting collection in various branches of the antique at the present time.

A Fine Old Newel Post, Carved in the Early Portuguese Style

Seventeenth Century Wrought Iron

Among them is the fine wrought iron chest, of which we give a photograph. It is of late seventeenth century German work, and is an excellent example of its time and country. The lock, which one can see through the metal grille covering the inside of the lid, has no less than twenty-two bolts, and, like the other portions of the chest, is of admirable workmanship.

German Wrought Iron Chest, Late 17th Century

The Rubens' Cabinet

A Newel from Portugal

The Newel posts, used for the fine old stairways of great houses and churches during the seventeenth and eighteenth century, are now greatly sought after by those interested in wood carving. The particular post of which we give an illustration is a good example of an early Portuguese style. One sees, of course, the feeling of the classic renaissance clearly marked, but there is also a native spirit in the rich handling of the vine in full grape, and the figures, which has a distinctive charm of its own. This Newel is in one solid piece of wood of great thickness and strength. The Misses Woollan, of Brook Street, are at present showing it, with many other pieces in somewhat the same style. E. M.

The Complaint of the Sun-dial

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

Some time ago, a sun-dial was placed upon the wall of a new building in Fleet Street. It has not yet seen the sun.

List to the Sun-dial's lament,
Ye that pass with hurrying feet,
Mid murk and smoke unkindly pent
And prisoned in a city street.

Not where the fog of London lowers
In sullen gloom his place should be.
He should have stood to count the hours
In some old town in Italy.

At Naples where the blue sea breaks
In ripples scarcely flecked with foam,
Or where the Pincian Garden makes
A greenness in the heart of Rome.

Or at Assissi where the hills
Lie hushed beneath an azure Heaven,
Or where the earliest daffodils
Uplift their golden heads in Devon

But here!—In vain the minutes run,
He cannot mark them where he stands,
A sun-dial without a sun—
A foolish clock with broken hands!

St. J. H.

The Play in London

By "SNEER"

"SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours."—*The Critic.*

"What can be done to help the British stage?" So asks Mr. W. L. Courtney in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Courtney himself is the critic whose writings on contemporary plays are always such a welcome feature of the *Daily Telegraph*, and his appeal is enforced by no less than two and seventy eminent personages in the literary, theatrical, and social worlds who append their names. Can the disease (whatever it is) of the British stage resist such a galaxy of all the talents? Here is the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ripon side by side with Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. Here is Mr. Thomas Hardy cheek by jowl with Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. William Archer jostling Mr. Pinero. Two and seventy physicians all feeling the pulse of the hapless British drama, and doubtless all prescribing at once! No wonder the poor lady is sick.

There is something pleasantly humorous in the fact that the same week which witnessed the publication of Mr. Courtney's appeal, with its "First List" of signatures (only the first!), also saw the great banquet to the painters of the theatre, at which literature, art, and fashion were conspicuously represented. Mr. Owen Seaman, who was there, ought to have written one of his admirable poems in *Punch* in honour of the occasion. Here is a first stanza, which I gladly offer for his acceptance:

What time the British drama lay
So *sick* that many thought her dead,
I stooped to hear what she might say,
And this was what she said:

What she did say, I suspect, was, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have done well to assemble here this evening to do honour to the scene-painters of London. I, the British drama, as you know, have long since gone to the dogs, and British acting, I am told, is rapidly going the same way. For without good plays, you can't have good actors. But British scene-painting, I am happy to own, is better than ever. Shakespeare would have *loved* it. And you, ladies and gentlemen, with rare discernment, have appreciated this fact and, ignoring our actors and our dramatists, have put your money on the man who pain s the scenes. Next year, when a banquet is given to the scene-shifters and the limelight men, I trust the Prime Minister will feel it his duty to preside."

By the way, that amusing person, Max, in the *Saturday Review*, made short work of the *Fortnightly's* appeal and its list of signatures. How many of these prominent ladies and gentlemen, he asks, would subscribe a single guinea to help the struggling British drama? How many of them actually do subscribe two—to the Stage Society, which is doing the work they profess to desire as efficiently as its limited funds permit? I have looked down the list, and out of the two-and-seventy names I find only seven or eight. Max among the Prophets!

By the way, the two-and-seventy may be interested to hear that in the middle of March the Society is producing Browning's grimly ironic play, *A Soul's Tragedy*, in which that clever actress, Miss Margaret Halstan, will play the only woman's part. Mr. Hermann Vezin, who ought to have played the old Legate Ogniten, and would have done it magnificently, is slowly recovering from pneumonia, and will not be well enough to take the part. With *A Soul's Tragedy* will be produced a one-act play of low life by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, who, if not precisely the "great unacted," have not hitherto been acted very widely, though Mr. Alexander is always threatening to produce their *Saturday to Monday*. The Stage Society's May production will be a play by a new English dramatist. But this is still a secret.

The past week has been a busy one in the London theatres. *The Jail-bird*, the new first piece at Wyndham's, gave us the chance of seeing that admirable novelist, Mr. Maarten Maartens, in a new *rôle* as playwright. It is a charming little play, very natural, very ironical, very amusing, and should prove very popular as well. The old elder in it, half Chadband, half Kruger, is a delightful figure.

Then we have had *A Queen's Romance*, Mr. John Davidson's adaptation of Hugo's *Ruy Blas* at the beautiful Imperial Theatre. Mr. Davidson has done a good deal of adaptation for the English stage, usually of French verse plays into English prose—and not always with complete success. *Bohémos*, given recently at the Court, with John Strange Winter's play, lost seriously in its Davidsonian dress. Other adaptations of his which I recall at the moment were, *For the Crown* (François Coppée) in which Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared, and *Ragged Robin* (Richepin) put up by Mr. Tree.

Other adaptations from the French produced last week were, *My Lady of Rosedale*, otherwise *La Chatelaine*, by Alfred Capus, whose *Les Deux Ecoles* was so popular over here in French, last year or the year before; and *The Arm of the Law*, otherwise *La Robe Rouge*, by Brieux. The former is running at the New Theatre, the latter at the Garrick.

In addition to these adaptations from the French, there is the production of a new English play to chronicle, namely, *Captain Dieppe*, by Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes, at the Duke of York's, while *A Man of Honour*, by Somerset Maughan, will be seen at the Avenue to-morrow. The latter is not absolutely new to London, for two performances were given of it last season by the Stage Society, but Mr. Maughan has altered it considerably in the interval.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Musician of Bournemouth

A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending a benefit concert, given at Bournemouth, to Mr. Dan Godfrey, a tribute of appreciation which no musician in England deserves more than the chief musician of Bournemouth. The unique position which this town, holds in the musical life of this country through Mr. Godfrey's work, is well known by now. Suffice it to say that more new works, especally British ones, are produced there than anywhere else, and that the *répertoire* of this fine little orchestra of fifty performers is astonishing. More astonishing, too, is the effect which Mr. Godfrey can get from his men in works which are supposed to require a band about twice its size. At his benefit concert Mr. Godfrey played the *Tannhäuser* overture and *1812*, both in splendid style. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor conducted two of his picturesquely orchestrated songs, sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes. Master Vernon Warner played the first movement of Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto, and other artists contributed to a most enjoyable afternoon.

Mr Dan Godfrey

The Royal Amateur and Crystal Palace Amateur Orchestras

The concert given by the first of these societies had the advantage of being honoured by Royalty, both the King and the Prince of Wales being present. The orchestra did very well in *1812*, and also in *Pomp and Circumstance*, which was conducted by Dr. Elgar himself, who is just back, in splendid health, from Italy. The King, who is very fond of this fine march, requested Dr. Elgar to play it again at the conclusion. The soloists were Madame Clara Butt, Miss Parkina, Herr Kreisler, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford. All were in good form, and I was especially pleased to note the success of Miss Parkina, about whom I gave some details in last week's BYSTANDER. Miss Parkina was, in fact, the only singer honoured with an encore. The Crystal Palace Amateur Orchestra, another fine band, gave an exceedingly good concert on the 6th. The programme was a most varied one, including Sullivan's *Di Ballo* overture, Thorne's *Noces d' Arlequin*, and Sterndale Bennett's G minor Symphony, all well played, under Mr. Hedgcock's extremely able baton.

The "Broadwoods"

Once again I feel it my duty to protest against the analytical notes in the programmes of these concerts. At the last one we were informed that "Mr. Roger Quilter is taking a high place as a song-writer." It is entirely a matter of opinion, of course, but I fancy the writer of that sentence stands rather alone in his opinion of Mr. Quilter. And, indeed, the new songs by this composer, heard on the night, in question were very poor stuff indeed. In fact, I wonder why they were written. No one knows, until they have tried song-writing, how thoroughly exploited that branch of the art has become, and how hard it is to say something new. At the same time, until one *has* something to say, it is far better to keep pen from paper and wait. The treat of the evening was the playing of Schubert's great String Quintet in C major, the performers being the famous Bohemian String Quartet, with Mr. Hugo Becker as second 'cellist. A magnificent performance of this truly glorious work was given, and one regrets it was not possible to hear the Bohemian players elsewhere in the programme.

Dohnanyi

A few days ago Dohnányi, one of the most gifted of the younger school of pianists, gave a Beethoven-Liszt recital at Æolian Hall. I fancy that the pianist was not quite at his best, for his playing seemed a trifle rougher than usual. But it was very delightful for all that. Commencing with Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C minor, the pianist went on to the sonatas, the E major, Op. 109 and the D minor, Op. 30. The finest playing of the Liszt pieces was in the fugue on the letters B A C H (H being the German sign for B natural), which Dohnányi played superbly. H. J. C.

Photo by *Reutlinger*

Evening Dress, in Bruges Tulle with Embroidered Flowers, and Trimmed with Sequins on Straw-coloured Muslin. Muslin Ruching Border to Skirt

Flounces and Fashion

Now is the time to prepare for spring costumes and fancies, while the dressmakers and shops are enjoying (?) a slack month between the seasons. For now we find that they will respond the more willingly to our cries for something moderate in price, and yet bearing that indescribable air of *chic* given by the tailor or *modiste* of high repute. But we must assure ourselves that these gowns, etc., are of the mode that is to be, not of that which has passed, and in Paris and Vienna, where, though we recognise it not, so many of our best models come from, the leading houses are employed in dictating the fashions and colours in which we shall clothe ourselves as the spring appears.

Starting with the colours, red as the school-boy would graphically put it, is "off," while snuff brown has usurped its place for day wear in both indoor and outdoor costumes, which latter, by the way, it is rumoured, are to be made with the favourite bolero, only it is to be full in the back instead of straight into the figure. Venetian blue, mixed with touches of parma, is also to be seen in a leading atelier; while for afternoon wear nothing more graceful has been found than the sun-rayed pleated skirt, made either in *voile* or silk, and the former is decidedly the most enduring.

The newest evening dresses are getting more old-fashioned every day, and, having seen some pretty models, I will describe them. One entirely of sage-green *glacé*, owed its sole adornment to many strappings of itself, with each edge pinked out in a pretty pattern; very effective was this, and extremely noticeable it would prove, even in a crowded ball-room. Another dress, evidently designed for a brunette, was of palest yellow Oriental satin, cut right off the shoulders with a *berthe* of white *tambour* lace, which was held in its place by three

The 'Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

TUBS FOR SHRUBS.

Beautifully made in Oak, stained and varnished. Coppered Hoops, Bronze Handles. Various shapes. Highly decorative. For full particulars of shapes, prices, etc., send for Illustrated Catalogue, post-free. Awarded the Royal Horticultural Society's Silver Medal at the Holland House Summer Show on June 25th and 26th, 1903.

"B.Y." CHAMPION & CO.,
Corner of City Road and Old Street,
LONDON, E.C.

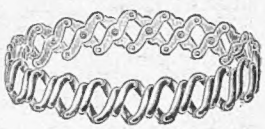
When selecting from your Jewellers a Patent

GOLD

"SELF-CLOSING" BRACELET

BE SURE that you get

Saunders & Shepherd's, The Original Make, Unsurpassed for Beauty of Designs, Workmanship and Finish.



N.B.—These Bracelets have for some time been stamped inside with S. & S.'s Trade Mark, "FLEXINE."

Wholesale only—SAUNDERS & SHEPHERD, LTD., LONDON.

The only Food awarded the GOLD MEDAL at the Crystal Palace Food Exhibition 1903.

Sir Henry M. Stanley,
The Great Explorer, says:
"During my recent gastric illness your 'Bananina' was of essential service to me."

BANANINA
NATURE'S IDEAL FOOD

A food prepared from the Banana by a special process after the fibrous matter is extracted. It is manufactured from the fruit, freshly gathered, and contains no other ingredient, the process used concentrating its marvellously nourishing properties.

It is a perfect food, prepared with milk, for infants, and is specially recommended by the medical authorities for those suffering from gastritis and stomach troubles.

If you mention this magazine and send three penny stamps, we will send you a small tin, post free, as an advertisement only.

Sold in Tins 1s.; Double Size, 1s. 9d. To be had of all Chemists and Grocers.

THE BANANA FOOD CO., LTD., Alderman's House, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.

rows of quilled ribbons, to match the satin. The skirt was slightly gauged at the waist, and at the top bore one deep tuck; lower down, two were to be found, and still lower, reaching to the edge of the skirt, were three tucks. With this dress, the dressmaker informed me, the destined wearer was to sport in her hair two tangerines, with faded green leaves fastened by a knot of ribbon of the palest green. She evidently has no objection to laying herself open to chaff on the subject of orange-blossoms.

It is a pity that the "Juliette" capes are being overdone, and some of them are really worthy of a better fate than to be thrown away because there are so many in evidence. Especially does this remark apply to one of green shimmering beads, worn at the Covent Garden Ball in aid of the Waterloo Hospital. This cape was bordered with tiny violets, which were repeated in garland form on the frock.

Many think that theatrical dresses often lead the fashion, and, indeed, it is to be hoped that the ball-room will soon reveal damsels as charmingly gowned as the "stars" in the new Savoy play. Especially to be noticed and copied is Miss Kate Cutler's evening frock of white, traced with dull white sequins in such close proximity that they appear to be a cord of thick chenille, while Miss Ring's white lace dress, ornamented with large starfish in black jet is worthy of much admiration, and to Miss Venne falls the honour of being the first to display a new material called tricotine, which is made of threads of platinum seemingly interwoven with pale green.

As to the spring hats, well, a forecast of them is to be found in the models for Monte Carlo, Egypt, etc. Floral toques are well to the fore. The most attractive of these is of white violets, with a large bunch of forget-me-nots on one side, while those of mauve violets sport two or three dark red roses and their glossy foliage. Of course we are still faithful to our picture hats, and one of black straw should be trimmed with one large white ostrich feather over the left ear, and two black ones, which completely hide the head at the back.

To wear with our new brown costumes an enterprising milliner has designed a plateau hat of dark brown straw, coming well over the face, bearing, for ornamentation, a brown chiffon scarf with white velvet spots which is long enough to admit of the ends reaching to the shoulder, while it is kept rigorously in position by a metal buckle of large dimensions, bearing upon its brown surface spots of dull green.

I would commend, as worthy of notice, the evening dress shown in our illustration which is of white lace, with jewelled flowers, and tiny spangles *appliquéd* on to it.

NITA.

The Menu

My *menu* this week is taken from a dinner I was present at about a fortnight ago—it was such a charming little dinner and so nicely cooked and served, that I asked my hostess's kind permission to publish it. The dishes marked with a star I have given the recipes for below.

Menu

* Clear Turtle Soup.

FISH

* Filets de Rougets à la Villeroi.

ENTRÉE

* Chicken Creams.

Roast Saddle of Mutton.
Artichokes. New Potatoes.

Asparagus. Hollandaise Sauce.

Mandarines Glacées.
Friandises.

Sardine Toasts.
Coffee. Dessert.

RECIPE FOR CLEAR TURTLE SOUP

Take ½lb. of sun-dried turtle and let it soak for four days in lukewarm water, change every twelve hours. Whilst this soaking process goes on, keep the turtle in a warm plate, let it stand in a cool oven at night. When the meat is swollen comparatively soft, cut into neat pieces about an inch square, let it boil gently for twelve hours in good clear stock, into which should be put a slice of lean ham, two onions, head of celery, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, and some turtle herbs (bought ready prepared), two cloves, pinch of cayenne. Let the soup simmer gently, the scum to be removed as it rises. When the soup is reduced to two quarts, strain and remove every bit of fat. It is a good thing to boil 1lb. of fresh eel, cut into pieces, two inches long, and put into the stock. When tender, strain the stock, having lifted these out with clear white egg in the usual way. When ready, add a claret-glass of sherry, a few drops of lemon, and the pieces of turtle flesh; cayenne, and lemon cut in quarters, are generally handed with this soup.

FILETS DE ROUGETS À LA VILLEROI

Wash and scrape the red mullets, then remove the fillets from the backbone. Place them in a marinade composed of salt, pepper, lemon juice, a spoonful of salad oil, a little parsley, and any other herbs liked, for twenty-five minutes, turning them from time to time. Afterwards let the fillets dry on a clean cloth, soak them in a thick white sauce (this can be left out if not liked) egg and bread-crumb them, flatten them with a knife-blade to give a good shape, and fry in a frying basket for five or six minutes, if coated with sauce. When done, serve in a circle on a dish paper or napkin, with sprigs of fried parsley in the centre. Serve with them, in a sauce-boat, a good tomato sauce.

CHICKEN CREAMS

Scrape the meat of a fowl according to the quantity required, make bread panada, pound all well together, pass through an iron sieve. When well worked together, add the yolks of two eggs and some cream, season with salt and pepper. Take small moulds, in the form of little chickens; butter these and steam for half an hour. Serve with a good cream sauce. The ends of the legs in the small moulds can have a little stick of white almond projecting to form the leg. Bottled green peas or mushrooms should be used for garnish. If preferred in one large mould, let it be flat on the top, and garnish with truffles in design. The small chicken moulds are procurable at Whiteleys'.

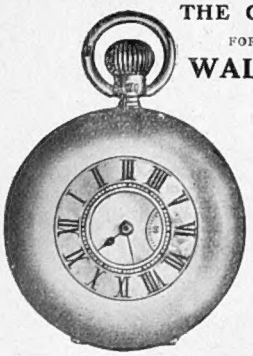
SARDINE TOASTS

Four sardines, carefully boned and minced, 3 yolks of eggs, 1oz. butter, 4 tablespoons thin cream, 1 dessert each Worcester sauce and anchovy, and a little chilli vinegar. Heat slowly, and serve very hot on fried rounds of toast.

EMILIA.

DENNISON'S

THE CITY DEPOT
FOR THE
WALTHAM WATCHES



A watch that will wear a life-time, that will be accurate every day, that will be of constant use each day. This is the Waltham Watch, the World's watch—there are 12,000,000 in use. We hold a complete range of these wonderful watches. Send for Price List, post free from

DENNISON'S, 6, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CHUBB'S Burglar and Fire-resisting SAFES

Makers to His Majesty The King,
The Bank of England, and all the principal British and Colonial Banks.

CHUBB & SON'S,
Lock & Safe Company, Limited,
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
West End Branch: 68 St. James's Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

Dr. J. M. BARRIE says: "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the

'CRAVEN'

Mixture and no other."

CARRERAS, Ltd.,
7, Wardour St., W.
And all Tobacconists.
Sample ¼lb. Tin, 2/6.
Post free, 3d. extra.

Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., &c., &c., says:—
"I have subjected to analysis a specimen of the 'CRAVEN' Mixture of Tobacco, and have obtained very satisfactory results. I find that it is composed of pure tobacco leaf, and that the amounts of moisture and ash are not in excess. I can pronounce it to be *very good tobacco*."

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority over all others.

Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.
Of all Stationers and Chemists.

INVENTORS AND MAKERS—
COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,
ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD.

Candles, Toilet Soaps, Night Lights.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL at Brighton Exhibition and Crystal Palace, 1903,
FOR ALL-ROUND EXCELLENCE.

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., Lambeth, S.E.
ESTABLISHED 1642.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

GUARANTEED PURE GRAPE.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Concerning the Waterloo Cup

The Waterloo Cup, run this week, is a sixty-four dog stake, nominations being allotted by the Committee of the Altcar Club. No owner is allowed more than one nomination, but he can lend greyhounds from his kennel to other nominators not possessing one of their own thought good enough to take a chance in the big event. The Duke of Leeds, Messrs. Fawcett, and Mr. L. Pilkington, owners of very powerful kennels, are generally dually represented in this way, and, as proof of the purity of the sport, it may be stated that although a greyhound from the kennel of the Messrs. Fawcett, at Saughall, near Chester, has won for the past four seasons, only once, in 1902, did the winning greyhound compete in his owner's nomination. Farndon Ferry won for the Messrs. Fawcett in the year named; in 1900 and 1901, Fearless Footsteps, the winner, ran as Mr. J. Hartley Bibby's nominee, as also did Father Flint, who last season created so great a surprise by beating the favourite, Farndon Ferry, in the penultimate round. At Saughall, the Messrs. Fawcett—two brothers, one on the Liverpool Stock Exchange, and the other a London barrister—have the strongest kennel in the country. It is presided over by Tom Wright, who has trained the winners of five Waterloo Cups, a record held by no other man. Pictures of the Waterloo Cup winners for the year 1902—1903 inclusive will be found on page 857.

Our Special Service in the Far East

THE BYSTANDER is nothing if not progressive and up-to-date, and, in accordance with the policy which has made our venture such an unqualified success, we have, in conjunction with *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*, made arrangements for the receipt of special information from the Far East. An artist correspondent has been despatched, whose sketches, drawn on the spot, will be reproduced in our pages.

This Week's Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, drawn specially for THE BYSTANDER by Mr. Reginald Pannett, represents Spring, in the guise of a dainty maiden decked with flowers. Her coy, uncertain glance, and the timidity expressed by the finger in her mouth, are poetical expressions of the way in which May timidly puts forth her blossoms after the uncertainties of the rougher preceding months. The idea embodied is a pretty one, and Mr. Pannett has done his work with his usual individuality.

We regret that, owing to pressure on our space this week, we have been unable to insert our usual Gardening Notes.

These Cigarettes are made of

TOBACCO DIRECT

From Manufacturer's own Plantation at

Malcajik

Asia Minor.

From Leading Tobacconists

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP,
17 & 18, Great Pulteney Street, LONDON, W.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, LTD.

Subscription Library.

Accounts opened at any date for Three, Six and Twelve Months.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.
COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM.

N.B.—TWO or THREE FRIENDS may, by UNITING IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION, lessen the cost of obtaining Books, and reduce carriage expense.

Bookselling Department.

NEW BOOKS. SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

Baedeker's, Murray's, and Black's Guide Books, Dictionaries in all European Languages. Maps and Guides for Cyclists. New Books at Discount Prices. Second-hand Library Books at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Standard Authors, including Dickens, Scott, Ruskin, Thackeray, Meredith, Browning, etc., in Handsome Leather Bindings.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

SKATING

REAL ICE
AT THE
NATIONAL SKATING PALACE,
(Late Hengler's)

Adjoining Oxford Circus Station.

Open Daily at Popular Prices,
10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 to 6.30 p.m.,
8 to 11 p.m.

Telephone 4138 Gerrard.

NOTE FOR
FEBRUARY, '04.

JOHN J. M. BULT
FROCK COAT SPECIALIST,
140, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
(Cash Tailor),

Calls attention to his exclusive designs in Waterproof — Overcoatings and —

"Rutland" Overcoat, £3 3s.,
Dress Suit, silk lined,
£4 4s.